

Sports Illustrated

AUGUST 20, 1973 60 CENTS

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Next week

SMITH & CO., on their way to another Davis Cup Challenge Round, must first repel the Krumphalts, led by Nasty Nastase and his full repertoire of antics. Joe Jones reports.

AN UNSEAMLY ADVENTURE leads Ros Finn to mysterious Haiti, where he finds that baseball for the major leagues are no longer stitched together in the good old American way.

GOING TO THE DOGS has become a favorite betting pastime. Robert Carwell tells the history of racing and its rabbit. Ernest Haveman reports how to beat the game.

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SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT W. CREAMER

SACK SECRETARIAT

When Secretariat was beaten by Onion in the Whitney Stakes at Saratoga, most horsemen and bettors chalked off the stunning upset as just one of those things that happen now and then in racing. After all, Man o' War and Citation lost, too. Then it was announced last weekend that the superhorse would not run in the Travers this coming Saturday because of coughing, and people began to wonder. Finally, it came out that *before* the Whitney, Secretariat had been under the weather for nearly a week, running a slight temperature off and on.

But despite the temperature, which was not made public, the owner and trainer decided to run him in the Whitney anyway. "He is so strong," said a dejected Penny Tweedy, "we felt he was fighting off the fever and could still perform at his best. We didn't think it that important to cancel. After the race we knew that something was wrong."

The something wrong, Whitney Tower points out, was for the stable to have started a horse that was not 100%; himself. It was unfair to the public, which bet \$192,772 (of a total pool of \$279,081) on Secretariat in this win-only race. The bettors were cheated. Nor was it fair to the stockholders in the syndicate that will control Secretariat when he goes to stud. Nor was it fair to the superb horse himself. If this is an example of the paralyzing hold that show biz can have on people in sport, it is a sad commentary on the way sport is going.

For, of course, Secretariat had become a TV star. The Whitney was to be the first of four races in which CBS and the New York Racing Association hoped to show him off to millions of viewers. Trainer Lucien Laurin says now he feels the horse will be back to normal in two weeks, or in time for his next performance, the Marlboro Cup at Belmont on Sept. 15. This is the once heralded match race with his stablemate Riva Ridge, a schmutzy \$250,000 piece of business. Af-

ter that there is the Woodward, possibly The Jockey Club Gold Cup, the Washington D.C. International, maybe even the Arc de Triomphe in Paris.

Everyone wants the horse, it seems, and perhaps the pressure is too much. Penny Tweedy said the other day, with sad hindsight, "This proves a horse is not a machine." Then why treat him like one?

ON AGAIN, OFF AGAIN

In its investigations, the House Select Committee on Crime looked into corruption in horse racing. After a flurry of headlines, nothing more seemed to happen. In the August issue of *Hoof Beats*, official publication of the U.S. Trotting Association, Executive Editor Stan Bergstein comments:

"The House Select Committee on Crime has expired, its appropriation not renewed, and there will be little mourning at the bar."

"Despite its noble purpose, the committee used methods that were not only embarrassing to racing but to its own members. It listened to 'experts' who weren't; dignified the testimony of hoodlums and creeps of no character and less credibility; apologized in its final report for having never quite gotten around to talking to the leaders of American racing; used as its star witness a minor crook who claimed he could get into any stable area in the country but was arrested, tried and convicted when he attempted to do so; used racing's own security files, including those of the USTA, as if they were original investigative work of the committee; discovered that wiretapping was employed by the staff of one committee member, who stated that he would sanction it again if necessary; and totally omitted any mention of Harness Tracks Security, an autonomous organization that does exactly what the committee recommended, but which the committee apparently never even knew existed, or chose to ignore if it did."

In reply, Committee Chairman Claude

Pepper (D-Fla.) said the report had been generally accepted by the racing industry, even though "a very regrettable minority" had been critical. Admitting that the committee had not done all that it had planned to do, he said, "We got involved in hearings on drugs in schools, and we just didn't have time. People in general can have confidence in the integrity of racing."

ROUGHING IT

Reports continue that a concern called Hi-Rise Campsites, Inc., is trying to raise \$4 million to construct a 20-story building in downtown New Orleans for indoor camping. The first eight stories of the building will be for parking, the upper 12 will contain 260 campsites, complete with artificial turf and utility hookups for



recreational vehicles. There will be a rooftop pool to give that sylvan lake atmosphere.

"This will be unique," said a Hi-Rise man. "People don't want the woody bit now, they want to camp in comfort near the city."

PEACEFUL REVOLUTION

The NCAA's decision to split itself into three, more or less autonomous divisions is a laudable attempt to bring sense into what has been a ridiculous situation. There are more than 600 colleges in the NCAA, and the 400 or so smaller ones often clashed head on with the major institutions over such matters as entrance

continued

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requirements, athletic scholarships and recruiting.

Now there will be Division I for big athletic powers, such as Southern California, Nebraska and Alabama; Division II for the next level, North Dakota State and Grambling, for instance; and Division III for Muckin'gum and that crowd. Each division is free to amend NCAA bylaws as it sees fit, setting rules to suit its own needs, although the three bodies voting together can exercise a kind of veto power over legislative proposals made in the separate divisions.

Requirements for membership in each division can become complex, but all major football schools will be in Division I in all sports. A top basketball school may elect Division I for basketball (and other sports) but be in Division II in football. A school in Division II or III may choose to be in Division I in one sport (except football and basketball), an example: Trinity College in Texas, the 1972 NCAA tennis champion.

A lot of bugs will probably develop, but the new setup is eminently worth trying, if only to get rid of the big vs. small infighting. It is certainly better than the hypocrisy of the "conscience vote," in which delegates were asked not to vote on measures that did not directly affect their schools. The first real test of how the new idea is going to work will come at the annual convention next January.

WHAT'S IN A NAME

Giles, the famous British cartoonist who appears in London's *Daily Express*, is also an avid sailor. He has named his new boat *Circe*, after the Greek enchantress who turned men into swine, because, he says, he doesn't know anything that can do that quicker than a boat.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY

The battle of California ended last week in a peaceful settlement between the Bing Crosby golf tournament and the PGA. Earlier, the PGA had upset the Crosby people by shifting the tournament dates from the traditional mid-January period to mid-February, where the new dates fell spang on the Washington's Birthday weekend, already a big business time for Monterey Peninsula merchants, restaurants and hotel operators. Not only would the area be unable to handle the influx of visitors to the Crosby then, it would lose the big January business the tournament always attracted.

The PGA remained adamant for a while but when it became obvious that the Crosby would be canceled if the mid-February dates stood, it rustled around and came up with a solution. The Glen Campbell-Los Angeles Open, traditionally the first of the golf-tour year, was willing to swap dates: a new city storm drain is being built through Riviera Country Club, site of the tournament, and officials decided they could use the extra month to be sure everything is finished. So now the Crosby will have the honor of kicking off the tour the first week of January, the well-drained Campbell-L.A. will be in mid-February and the tourists will have Monterey and Carmel to themselves on George Washington's Birthday.

TWICE THE FUN

The PGA has problems beyond Pebble Beach and George Washington. Disagreeing with Joe Dey's proposal to reduce the tour to 15 super events (Scorecard, Aug. 13), Bill Clarke, president of the PGA, thinks it should get bigger. He notes that since 1959 pro football, pro basketball and pro hockey have expanded from one league to two, and pro baseball has added teams and split its two leagues into four divisions—while all that time tournament golf has stood still. Clarke wants a second PGA tour.

"At first," he says, "the new tour ought to be a qualifying ground for players who would eventually move up to the major tour. But at the same time it would become an attraction in itself, with young stars like Ben Crenshaw coming along. There are so many good players that in time the second tour would become as strong as the one we have now. Then, instead of having a major tour and a satellite tour, we would have two major golf circuits."

And a real World Series of Golf?

ON A PILLAR OF SALT

Larry Csonka and Jim Knick of the Miami Dolphins have written a book (co-authored by Dave Anderson of *The New York Times*) called *Always on the Run*, in which Knick complains about having to share playing time last season with Mercury Morris. Knick says Coach Don Shula took away his primary running back status for disciplinary reasons: he did not finish a 12-minute endurance run (Knick says he had the flu and "couldn't breathe").

"Shula is the one who stuck it to me," Knick says in the book, which emphasizes that the authors do not resent Morris. But Knick does say that rotating with Morris "was a difficult situation for me to accept." And Csonka says, "Jim shouldn't have been subjected to somebody taking his position. The way I saw it, Shula handed Merc the opportunity at Jim's expense, not only handed Merc the opportunity but stepped on Jim's pride with no qualms. Step on Shula's pride and see how he reacts."

Shula's comment was, "If that's their assumption I'm afraid they don't know Don Shula, the man and the coach, as well as they think they know him. Mercury earned the right to play as much as he did with an outstanding preseason." Then Shula added wryly, "They've already alerted me to take everything in their book with a grain of salt."

BITSY-BETSY

Atlanta will present its own version of the Bobby Riggs-Billie Jean King match on Sept. 23, when 62-year-old Byron Grant meets 20-year-old Betsy Butler in a winner-take-all match for \$500. Miss Butler, from Augusta, is a pro who plays on the U.S. Lawn Tennis Association tour. Grant is the famous Betsy Grant (he is considerably smaller than Bobby Riggs) who played Davis Cup tennis in the '30s and was called the Giant Killer for his upsets of top-ranked players who towered over him. Betsy has remained an amateur all these years. Betsy intends to see that he stays that way.

THEY SAID IT

- Warren Spahn, Hall of Fame pitcher who played for Casey Stengel on the 1942 Boston Braves and the 1965 New York Mets: "I'm probably the only guy who worked for Stengel before and after he was a genius."
- Lew Burdette, Spahn's old teammate, who would never admit he threw a spitball: "I showed Whitey Ford how to throw a wet one, and he went four or five years before they caught on to it."
- Gary Player, on the importance of practice: "They say Sam Snead is a natural golfer, but if he didn't practice, he'd be a natural bad golfer."
- Ed Rume, American League umpire, on his career: "It's the only occupation where a man has to be perfect the first day on the job and then improve over the years."

END



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WHEELIN' AWAY OUT WEST

L.A.'s Little Blue Bicycle was some old parts and an infield full of new ones trying to outrun Cincy's Big Red Machine by **WILLIAM LEGGETT**

One member of the infield is an outfielder turned third baseman turned first baseman. Another, the shortstop, was a part-time outfielder only 16 months ago. The catcher began this season with fewer than 50 games of big-league experience under his chest protector, and the second baseman is a 27-year-old rookie who blows bubbles. The third baseman is young and raw, too, playing a position where so many before him have come and gone. Quickly. At various times during the season they have been collectively called The Babes of Summer or The Little Blue Bicycle, and their inexperience defies normal baseball criteria for judging a contender. There are games in which they hustle so hard they seem intent on getting the minimum out of the maximum, but after each pratfall these young Los Angeles Dodgers get up again, apparently stronger and wiser. And believing more firmly that they can withstand the oncoming crunch of Cincinnati's Big Red Machine to win the National League West.

In the spring Los Angeles figured to be a faceless team, something the O'Malley family had picked up at a garage sale on Route A1A in Vero Beach. Now who has the best record in the big leagues? The Dodgers. Who leads the majors in hitting and pitching? The Dodgers. Huge crowds pour into Chavez Ravine; 1.6 million have already been there this season to see what new miracle Walter Al-

ston has wrought in his 20th year as the Dodger manager. Age apparently cannot wither Walter's ability to pull them out of the hat.

Among those who have found it hard to swallow the miracles are the Pittsburgh Pirates, St. Louis Cardinals and Atlanta Braves, who in 37 attempts against the Dodgers have won only eight times. How do you believe a pitching staff that has held the opposition to a .223 batting average? Or a team that lacks home-run power, yet 17 times this year has won games with home runs? "Others might

not believe," says the Dodger captain, Willie Davis, "but this team does. It listens, it learns and it believes."

In the balloting for this year's All-Star team only one Los Angeles player finished among the top five at any position, but when the All-Star squad trotted out onto the field a few weeks ago in Kansas City there were more Dodgers—six—than at any time since 1962. Obviously the Reds' Sparky Anderson, manager of the All-Stars, believed. His faith has been reinforced over the last two weeks while the Dodgers were in a hitting slump. Their pitchers took up the slack by allowing only 1.4 earned runs per game. Anderson knows that pitching normally decides pennant races, and it was Los Angeles pitchers who were holding off his red-hot Reds last week. As far back as fourth place, nine games out on July 1, Cincinnati has since won 31 of 41 to move within 1½ of L.A. and set the stage for another wild finish in the West. If the Dodgers can hold off the Reds, then everybody will be believers.

Los Angeles has not won a *contend*

Willie Crawford, one of L.A.'s four strong-hitting outfielders, scored against San Francisco.



Young Third Baseman Ron Cey made a hit in the dugout with his homer that helped defeat the Giants and earned him a pet on the hot.

championship in six seasons, the club's longest drought since 1940, and expectations for this year were more guarded than at any time since the club moved west. Due to the inordinate number of errors in 1972 (162 showed up in the box scores and countless other mental ones went unrecorded), the Dodgers had been regarded locally as some kind of civic disgrace. Because of that their total of 85 victories during a strike-shortened season went largely overlooked. Only the National League's division champions, Cincinnati and Pittsburgh, won more.

One of the problems involved that old bugaboo, third base. Since arriving in Los Angeles the Dodgers had used 44 different men at third. "If Dodger third basemen ever voted in a bloc, they could win an election," wrote *Los Angeles Times* columnist Jim Murray. To add to the difficulties, Maury Wills and six-time Golden Glove First Baseman Wes Parker had retired and Second Baseman Jim Lefebvre had gone off to play in Japan. In the opening week of play, the doziest of forecasts for the Dodgers seemed correct. The defense was again as leaky as a submarine equipped with screen doors and Los Angeles flopped off to its worst start ever (1-6). The team played only five errorless games in its first 25.

The Dodgers were—still are—bucking one of baseball's sternest precepts, which holds that only one young player per year can be fed into a lineup without the team suffering dire consequences. These Dodgers are not breaking in one young player but five. Catcher Joe Ferguson, First Baseman Steve Garvey, Second Baseman Dave Lopes (rhymes with ropes), Third Baseman Ron Cey and Shortstop Bill Russell had played a combined total of fewer than 200 games at their positions when this season started. In addition, the youngsters would be working with a pitching staff on which three of the five starters—Claude Osteen, Tommy John and Al Downing—and the two top relievers—Jim Brewer and Pete Richert—are low-ball pitchers whose success depends on batters grounding into infield outs.

The most experienced of the youngsters is Shortstop Bill Russell, and he is



Slugging Catcher Joe Ferguson, conferring with Wall Alston and Tommy John, and speedy Dave Lopes are young Dodger stars. Old Angel Andy Messersmith is now winging for L.A.

hardly a household word even on Sepulveda Boulevard. Of the 195 big-league games the Dodger youngsters played at their present positions Russell accounted for 121. When one plays shortstop for the Dodgers one is immediately placed in the company of eagles; the line of succession has gone almost directly from Leo Durocher in the late 1930s to Pee Wee Reese to Maury Wills. Russell took over in April 1972 at the age of 23 when Wills' on-base ratio slumped. Unlike his predecessors, Russell went to work without a single game of professional experience at the position. "I guess I stuck my neck out further with Russell than I normally do," says Alston. "We didn't have what I considered a front-line shortstop in our organization and I thought Bill was the best equipped to learn the position. He had been a superior defensive outfielder and I saw, he had speed, agility, range and a strong arm, which tend to help make a good shortstop. I'm proud of the way he has come along and I can see him filling the position for the next ten years." For this season at least Alston has no other choice than to have Russell fill it. Shortstop is the one position where the Dodgers have no backup player. There will be great pressure on Russell not only to continue playing well but also to stay healthy down the stretch.

Bill is still in the learning process, at least in the field, at bat he is outshining every shortstop in the majors (.278). Even his errors (22) are in line with those of San Francisco's Chris Speier (24) or Chicago's Don Kessinger (20), a veteran of over 1,200 big-league games. Russell has also knocked in 44 runs, exactly half of them coming with two outs.

Russell is not short of advice based on experience. He and Pitcher Claude Osteen (see cover) drive together to the park, and every day he talks endlessly with second-string Catcher Chris Cannizzaro, who has seen 11 major league seasons and service with half the teams in the National League. "It's been a struggle at times," Russell admits. "By nature I am a shy person and shortstops are not normally shy. Wait Alston stuck with me when times were hard and I had begun to wonder if I would ever be able to do the job. Then, all of a sudden in early May, I started to feel comfortable in the position. The hardest thing for me to do was catch the ball, and while that might sound silly it's true. I was actual-

ly afraid of the ball and now I'm not."

Osteen is a grand old warrior who is having another typically fine season. He has started 16 winning games and his record of 13-5 is the second best of any left-hander in the majors. Osteen appeared in this year's All-Star Game as the second pitcher for the National League, and the first batter he faced was 21-year-old Buddy Bell of the Cleveland Indians. "It was an odd feeling," said Osteen. "Back when I was with the Cincinnati Reds Gus Bell used to bring his son around and we kidded him about becoming a big-league player. He must have been nine, about the same age my son David is now. When I looked in at Bell I thought to myself, 'Have you been playing baseball for a living this long?' Buddy tripped off me with no one out, and while I am not in the business of giving up triples, I was happy for him. I was also happy that I left him on third base."

At 34, Osteen is not one of those pitchers who can throw a baseball through a car wash without it getting wet. He relies on his knowledge of the hitters and the ability to pitch to spots. Three times during a recent 11-day period Osteen produced typical examples of his craftsmanship. In front of a Monday crowd of 50,000 at Dodger Stadium he threw a four-hitter and beat the Giants. A couple of days later he was struck with a virus and could not eat for 72 hours. Somehow he finally forced some bacon and eggs into his system and worked eight strong innings at Candlestick Park. Last Thursday night he threw a shutout against the Mets. In the three games Osteen pitched 26 innings. He struck out only 10 men but he also walked only two and gave up just 13 hits. Fifty of his outs came on ground balls.

When Osteen, John or Downing—the low-ball pitchers—are working, Russell can be seen advising Third Baseman Cey and Second Baseman Lopes, gesturing them into position or calling over to them with his glove raised to one side of his mouth. "There are a lot of things about this job most people seldom think about," he says. "When the pitcher is behind the hitter 2-0 or 3-1, will the batter try to pull the next pitch? How much can I cheat into the hole when there is a man on?"

The education of the young Dodgers is doubly interesting since all but one of them began as outfielders. They played together on winning teams in the minors

and at one time or another 13 of the 25 men on the club were exposed to the teaching of Tom Lasorda, currently a Dodger coach. Lasorda produced five pennants and a second-place finish in seven years of managing in the minors. His dedication to his task so inspired Walter O'Malley that the chairman of the board bought him a headstone that says TOM LASORDA, A DODGER. Lasorda maintains that space will be left on the headstone for a schedule. "Just in case somebody is walking through the cemetery and doesn't know if the Dodgers are home or on the road."

Young players, of course, make mistakes, and recently the Dodgers have made all sorts of them. In Houston two of them ended up on third base one night and three of them were thrown out at either home or third in the first two innings the next night. "Things like that can drive you crazy," says Alston, "but I'd rather have them doing things aggressively than playing safety-first ball."

Lopes is the new leadoff man and an excellent second baseman who can steal bases (30 so far this season) and hit (.278) but must learn to walk and bunt more before he can be mentioned in the same breath with Wills. Cey is indeed a good third baseman and Steve Garvey, the 5' 10" first baseman, is among the top batters (.316). The four men in Alston's platoon—outfield—Davis, Manny Mota, Willie Crawford and Bill Buckner—all have good averages.

Through a good part of this season the Dodgers' big trade, in which Frank Robinson, Bill Grabarkewitz, Bobby Valentine and Pitchers Bill Singer and Mike Scobble were sent to the Angels for Ken McMullen and Andy Messersmith, had been criticized. Lately that has subsided. Messersmith has pitched brilliantly since the All-Star break and his 42-13 second-half record during his seasons with California is a positive omen. The addition of Messersmith to a staff that already boasted Don Sutton (14-7 and a 2.26 ERA) and the three low-ballers makes the Dodgers' strong suit—pitching—even stronger, but the advancement of the youngsters in the infield is the aspect of this team that has the baseball world abuzz. Whether the Little Blue Bicycle may ultimately be run over by the Big Red Machine is a matter of debate. The Dodger kids believe they can win. It is just that kind of faith that put them where they are now. **END**

JACK GOES ONE UP ON A LEGEND

The ghost of the great Bobby Jones had been haunting him more than he liked to admit, but now Jack Nicklaus can sleep in peace. At Canterbury in Cleveland he hit the magic No. 14 by winning the PGA **by DAN JENKINS**

These are the words Jack Nicklaus privately left to history: "Book the hunt." Put them in there with all those giant steps for mankind and praise the Lord and pass the song charts and the Gettysburg recital and all that stuff. All those memorable sayings that squirm their way into the people of the country clubs, in order to form a more perfect player. Jack got old No. 14 last week at Canterbury and officially became the greatest golfer who ever lived or died, and now we have to deal with it in terms of history.

It was the night before the final round of the 1973 PGA Championship in Cleveland, the last of golf's big four titles. The emotional end of the season. The Masters, the U.S. Open and the British Open had come and gone, and Jack Nicklaus had not won any of them. And he only needed one more big one to make it 14 major championships in a glittering career.

One more, the 14th, would move him ahead of Bobby Jones on the all-time list. As has so often been said, they can play all the Penicolas and Tuscons and Piccadilly World Match Plays they want to, but in golf the major championships are the ones that really matter. To history, ego, prestige, endorsements—whatever. And the PGA at Canterbury was Nicklaus' last chance until another Augusta to overcome a barrier, perhaps mental, he had been confronting for months. The ghost of Jones.

Now he was with his Columbus pals and business associates on Saturday night, as he usually is, discussing the day's play and tomorrow's prospects. After starting slowly, he had blazed into a one-stroke lead through 54 holes in search of his third PGA Championship and old No. 14. There were 18 more holes to play on Sunday and there were a lot of players at Canterbury who could beat him.

Somebody mentioned what an odd

year it had been, with Tommy Aaron and Johnny Miller and Tom Weiskopf all winning their first major titles in Augusta and Oakmont and Troon, with Jack coming close but not quite. It could happen again, couldn't it? Mason Rudolph and Don Iverson and Bruce Crampton and Denny Lyons were all lurking, and despite the fact that Jack was playing superbly, Canterbury was not really his kind of course.

There was talk among the group of Nicklaus' friends about an elk hunt in New Mexico for November. This is what Jack really wanted to do with his schedule, go on an elk hunt, not compete so much. But wouldn't it be better, said Putnam Pierman, his business partner, to put off the decision and see what happened tomorrow?

"If you don't win," said Pierman, "you may feel you need to play a few more tournaments in the fall."

Nicklaus thought that over. Maybe so. Then he thought about how well he had been hitting the ball all week, how strongly he was concentrating on the PGA, how much he wanted to get that 14th title behind him.

"Book the hunt," Jack said.

This was the man the world had to beat on Sunday—an unbeatable man. A man who took on a golf course not at all suited to his game but who, with dedication, hard work and patience, was able to conquer it with astonishing ease.

"Besides," said a press tent wit, "he was tired of reading about Weiskopf," a reference to the summer's hero who was not quite up to another barn fire. Gad, he finished sixth.

What Nicklaus did last Sunday was go out in a pairing that contained, essentially, the whole tournament. He was with Rudolph, who trailed him by one, and Crampton, who was three strokes back but was considered to have the best chance of putting together a low round and overtaking him. And what Jack did

within this group was never give the slightest hint that he was going to do anything but win. Right away he started hitting the ball dead stiff, flirting with birdies. By the 6th, he had one. By the 7th, he had another. And when he rolled one in at the 15th, after a remarkable iron shot around a cluster of Canterbury's antique trees, it was all over.

Nicklaus coasted on to a final-round 69, which went with his earlier rounds of 72, 68 and 68. That adds up to 277 and a four-stroke victory over Crampton, whose one-under 70 was the best run anybody could make at Nicklaus among the serious contenders. Mason Rudolph, with his lasso swing, had hung in there tenaciously most of the way but he was destined to double bogey the last hole for a 73. Don Iverson, the young, handsome nobody who had shared both the 18- and 36-hole lead despite playing in his first major event, finally relented to the pressure and concluded with a 74, falling into a tie for sixth.

Jack had been a grim fellow all week, somewhat of a man lost within himself. He has been admitting for two years or so that these major championships are the only things that matter to him anymore. When a season passes and he has not captured one of them, the winter is a long one. Evidence of his attitude came early in Cleveland when a friend asked him to do a TV interview, specifically in regard to the Ryder Cup matches coming up in Scotland. Jack refused, not rudely, but absolutely.

"I don't want to talk about anything that does not concern itself with this championship," he said.

Canterbury was living proof that when Nicklaus appears to have his mind and game in shape, nothing is beyond his reach. It is an engagingly old-fashioned place, all cramped in among the tall trees of the lovely neighborhood in Shaker Heights. It seems as if the back nine was built on top of the front with four greens



Having failed in the Masters, the U.S. and the British Opens this year, Nicklaus approached the PGA with unusual intensity and determination.

coming back to the old rambling brick clubhouse (the 3rd, 9th, 15th and 18th) and with tees hanging off the verandas on all sides, and some of them hanging off the front porches of homesteads. It is a hilly place with numerous blind shots, tight as a pair of jeans in spots, and there is a subtlety to the old greens that last week made the same putt break in a different direction each time. With a different speed.

Length made no difference. There was only one par 5 Jack could reach consistently (the 6th), but so could everyone else. It was essentially a short-iron course, a tough driving course, with the exception of the final three holes, which were long, long, long, and which were capable of producing either a bizarre or a dull finish.

When Canterbury staged a couple of U.S. Opens back in its past, the Lawson Little Open of 1940 and the Lloyd Mangrum Open of 1946, these last three holes produced playoffs, and those Opens produced controversies. No such thing this time. The PGA was over when Nicklaus reached them, and he could even afford the luxury of a closing bogey.

Jack probably never envisioned that he would take old No. 14 with a casual, six-inch tap-in putt for a bogey, but that is how it all ended.

"Looking back on it, I have to say I think I was trying too hard," he said. "At Muirfield last year, and then at Augusta and Oakmont and Troon. There's no doubt, I was hung up on getting the 14th."

But he added, "On the other hand, it's just a number, isn't it? Jones won his 13 in a shorter length of time, and he had fewer tournaments to try for."

Maybe we need to dwell on history for a second, to put it all in perspective. Bobby Jones won five U.S. Amateurs, four U.S. Opens, three British Opens and one British Amateur. This was the record Nicklaus was trying to beat. Now we find Jack with four Masters titles, three U.S. Opens, three PGAs, two British Opens and two U.S. Amateurs. Thus, having begun as an amateur and then turned pro, he has had five championships to try for instead of Jones' four.

"We need an asterisk, I guess," Nicklaus smiled.

Well, Jack, just in case you may be try-

ing to dream up some goals for yourself, there are those historians who will argue that the career record is still out there; that Jones never held it at all. Walter Hagen did. How's that again?

Of course. In Walter Hagen's day the Western Open was considered a major championship, back there before they had the Masters. The pros got a bonus for winning it, just as they did for winning the U.S. and British Opens and the PGA. Way back then, in emotion, in publicity, in endorsements, the somewhat forgotten Western Open was a biggie, and that dad gum Walter Hagen, you know what he did? Along with his five PGAs, his four British Opens and his two U.S. Opens, that indomitable Walter Hagen went out and won five of them. That's 16 major championships for Hagen, Jack.

Sorry. You're two short.

Jack Nicklaus whooped appreciatively. He was back in the home he had rented for the week in Cleveland, pouring champagne for his pals. Booking the hunt.

"Let me up, will you?" he said with a smile.

END

NO PIECE OF CAKE FOR PATTY

Atlanta's faith in Pat Sullivan was sullied by Baltimore, which hasn't stood pat by **JOE MARSHALL**

Nothing is less indicative of the Atlanta Falcons' 34-20 win over the Baltimore Colts last week than the score. In reality it was primarily a defensive affair in Atlanta Stadium which Baltimore could have won 13-10 had not its quarterback, Marty Domres, stepped in to save the night for the Falcons. In the fourth quarter Domres twice fumbled away center snaps inside his 20-yard line and threw two passes to Falcon defenders to lead Atlanta to 24 points and victory. In the fullness of time, however, the exhibition game may best be remembered as the pro debut of Bert Jones. The Baltimore rookie from LSU threw just three times, completing two for six yards, and was sacked twice, but the Colts, who are extremely high on him, preserved his first pass on film. "For historical purposes," was the explanation, "in case he makes it to the Hall of Fame."

For Atlanta Coach and General Manager Norm Van Brocklin and Baltimore Vice-President and General Manager Joe Thomas the game had a more immediate meaning. If nothing else, Van Brocklin and Thomas are positive they know the way to make a better football team. They are so positive that each has dedicated himself to achieving total autonomy over the operations of his franchise. Both now admit they have acquired all the power they want, and have staked their reputations on the teams that blundered up and down the field Saturday night.

Van Brocklin and Thomas joined the Minnesota Vikings at the team's inception in 1961. Thomas, who had won a reputation as a superb judge of talent while an assistant coach at Baltimore and

Los Angeles, was hired as personnel director, while Van Brocklin, who had just completed his playing career by leading a mediocre Philadelphia Eagle team to a world championship, was signed on as head coach. Neither was happy with the hierarchy that placed them under General Manager Bert Rose and then Jim Finks. Thomas moved to Miami after the '64 season in which the young Vikings tied for second in the Western Conference; Van Brocklin stayed on until 1966 before resigning.

For Van Brocklin the road to power was relatively simple. A newer expansion team, the Atlanta Falcons, begged him to come out of retirement three games into the 1968 season, eventually conceding him all the control he desired. Thomas, meanwhile, labored on in Miami, turning over to Don Shula 33 of the 40 players who became last year's Super Bowl champions. Thomas was unhappy at having to share the glory, but not until he engineered a complicated deal that secured the Baltimore Colts for millionaire Robert Irsay in July of 1972 was he able to gain control of a franchise.

This is a critical year for Van Brocklin. He has done a fine job of making a young club competitive, but as Defensive End John Zook says, "We can't use that expansion excuse anymore." Thomas, on the other hand, may have a couple of years' grace, but a few repeats of the pre-season losses to Pittsburgh (34-7) and Atlanta could undo him. A banner at Atlanta Stadium read, **JOE THOMAS, DESTROYER OF CHAMPIONS**. The ruthlessness with which Thomas has unloaded players recalls one of Van Brocklin's less charitable acts. Flying home from his fourth game as Falcon coach, a 30-7 loss to Cleveland, the Dutchman cut six players, five of them starters, by writing their names on an air sickness bag. Still, Van Brocklin says he would have been more considerate had he been at Baltimore. "The players I cut," he points out, "were only alleged players."

Thomas spent the off-season reshaping the Colts into an image with which he is more familiar, that of an expansion team. Twelve of last year's starters are no longer with the club, and for the first time in Baltimore history players wear identifying numbers in practice.

Roy Hilton, a defensive end who has inherited the job of keeping the team loose from a blanch of people who are



Joe Thomas' new Colts looked coltish

no longer around, believes the Colts have accepted their general manager's thinking. "Joe Thomas hurt individual feelings but he strengthened the ball club," says Hilton. "The team we had last year had gotten old. No matter how good Mother Nature is to you, Father Time will catch you."

Hilton hasn't had an easy time spreading joy in Baltimore. New Coach Howard Schellenberger canceled the team's annual rookie show, perhaps because there weren't enough veteran Colts to comprise an audience. Hilton thought he'd substitute some singing at the dinner table, so rookie Quarterback Tom Pierantozzi became the first Colt to stand on a chair, hand over heart, and sing his school alma mater. That seemed an amusing diversion, so Hilton asked Defensive Tackle Joe Ehrmann, who has won a starting job and a reputation for meanness in workouts, to sing his song. Ehrmann said no. Hilton remembered something he had once read about the better part of valor. Let it be noted that Tom Pierantozzi was the last Baltimore Colt to sing his alma mater. Alas, the Colts did not think it worthy to record his performance on film in case Pierantozzi makes it to the Hall of Fame.

After years of noisy, loose workouts, Colt practices are almost eerily silent. For the first time since the late '50s players are staging legitimate fights for jobs. Falcon practices now resemble the old days in Baltimore. Confidence is brimming over, although some might ask what else you could expect when the coach has threatened his players with a \$1,000 fine for "negative publicity."

about football. Last week Claude Humphrey, Atlanta's All-Pro defensive end, reclined on a couch in the players' dorm wearing a T shirt with a big yellow smiling face on it that stated as well as anything the Falcons' outlook. "Right now," said Humphrey, "our team is on the verge of a championship. Our only hurdle is the quarterback situation."

In June Van Brocklin traded Bob Berry, Atlanta's starting quarterback for the past three seasons, and a first draft choice to Minnesota for Quarterback-Punter Bob Lee and Middle Linebacker Lonnie Warwick. The Dutchman then announced that the quarterback job was

up for grabs, which did not seem a propitious thing for a coach to be doing on the verge of his most critical season.

Some say, however, that the Berry trade may have had its genesis the day Van Brocklin met Pat Sullivan, the 1971 Heisman Trophy winner and the No. 2 draft pick last year. "From then on," says one observer, "it seemed ordained that Pat would be quarterback. Everyone expected a ceremony, a coronation."

Two nights before the Colt game Van Brocklin rested in his room chewing gum. He chews a lot of gum, so much in fact that the Clark's chewing gum people have guaranteed him a lifetime supply.

Asked why he had dealt away Berry, Van Brocklin said, "It's none of your business. We just felt we had to make a trade." He went on to say that he wanted to win the Colt game "for Patty." Patty is his nickname for Sullivan. For other team members he has come up with Skunky, Bunny, Muley, Meat, Leroy and Big Timber. Van Brocklin said he thought a win would "keep Patty's confidence up." Sullivan played his college ball at nearby Auburn. Van Brocklin said his quarterback could take Atlanta "without even striking a match."

Sullivan freely conceded he had "all the confidence in the world," which seemed brave talk from somebody who to date had thrown just 19 pro passes and completed as many to the opposition (three) as to his teammates. For a while on Saturday night it looked as if he might have more than self-confidence. Atlanta would have scored a touchdown on its first possession, but Art Malone dropped a Sullivan pass in the end zone. Still, the Falcons got a field goal, and on their second possession Sullivan took them 70 yards in 11 plays for a 10-0 lead.

Then Sullivan began to show his inexperience. Three interceptions, two by Colt Linebacker Stan White, gave Baltimore the ball inside the Falcon 35. The Colts converted two into field goals, the other into a touchdown for their 13-10 fourth-quarter lead. After the third bad throw Atlanta fans began to boo Pat Sullivan. And on that low note the evening would have ended, save for the fact that Doones took it to previously unplumbed depths. His first fumble, at the Colt eight, led to a short scoring pass by Sullivan that put Atlanta ahead for good.

Afterwards Thomas said he was happy. The Colts' errors were correctable and there were four exhibitions left.

Van Brocklin also seemed pleased. "I'm sure Patty learned a lot about linebacker play tonight," he noted, smiling.

Moments later, when the locker room had almost emptied, Sullivan was asked how he would grade himself. "I would say I got an education," he replied. "I have all the confidence in the world in my ability." Just then Van Brocklin opened the door to the coaches' room and, spotting his quarterback, called out, "Patty, see me before you go."

"Yes, sir," said Sullivan.

Neither sounded as though he was brimming with confidence. **END**

Norm Van Brocklin hopes to feather his nest with unfledged Falcon Quarterback Sullivan





MAKING AN (ALMOST) MILLION

Saluted by his peers as the racer's racer and favorite of the field, stock-car star David Pearson gave it a run for the money. When it was over he was still a hero, all right—but \$4,710 short of the mark **by KIM CHAPIN**

The best of the Southern stock-car drivers have always been tendered recognition as much for their eccentricities as for their ability behind the wheel of a 3,800-pound racing machine. There was Junior Johnson, who said "tars" for "tires," who also ran moonshine and raised chickens; Curtis Turner and Joe Weatherly and Farball Roberts, who drove nearly as hard as they purfied; Fred Lorenzen, the Northern interloper who set a precedent simply by driving with his head; Cale Yarborough, who drove like the all-state fullback he once was; and, of course, Richard Petty, who parlayed his family racing heritage into so many Grand National victories that nobody even counts them anymore.

So it comes as something of a shock when King Richard himself says, as he has been saying for years now, that phlegmatic David Gene Pearson is "the best driver NASCAR's got." Or when Glen Wood, the master car builder from the Virginia hills who currently employs Pearson, says, "I don't like to even talk about it, but I tell David all the time he's the best I've ever had." And Wood's list of former driving notables includes Yarborough, Turner, Lorenzen, Don Gurney, Parnelli Jones and A.J. Foyt. Or when Cotton Owens, ace mechanic and a stock-car Hall of Famer as a driver, says even more plainly, "David Pearson is the best stock-car driver ever."

Who is this David Pearson? For starters, he is now \$8,840 richer than he was before last Sunday, which means he is just \$4,710 away from becoming the second official millionaire in NASCAR history. In the Talladega 500 at the Alabama International Motor Speedway, a lonely

2.66-mile outpost somewhere east of Birmingham, Pearson finished third, a respectable position in the midst of the most consistent performance in the history of his sport. He has pursued car owner Glen Wood's dictum of "race less and win more" to near-perfection, having won nine of the 11 races he entered this year. He already has set a season record for superspeedway wins—eight—with a full third of the season remaining. As a bonus, his two-year record in the Wood Brothers Mercury reads 15 victories in 27 starts, beginning with their first race together in the Rebel 400 at Darlington, S.C. in April 1972. David Pearson is a racer's racer.

The figures are noteworthy by themselves, but Pearson's 1973 record is more impressive considering the manner in which he achieved it. There have been streaky performances in racing before, most notably Foyt's 10 USAC victories in 1964, Jimmy Clark's five consecutive Grand Prix triumphs in 1965, Team McLaren's dominance of Can-Am racing from 1966 to 1971, and Petty's own NASCAR monument—10 straight wins on all sorts of tracks in 1967. But in all cases the cars involved were admittedly superior to those of the opposition. Such is not the case with Pearson, at least not on paper.

Before Talladega, Pearson had won by as much as 13 laps (the Rebel 500 at Darlington) and by as little as one second (the Motor State 400 at Michigan), and were it not for a 1.8-second loss to Buddy Baker at the World 600 at Charlotte in May, he would have gone into Talladega a perfect 10 for 10. He has led almost from start to finish (the Carolina 500 at Rockingham, N.C.) but at other times has been content to lay off the pace and wait for the opposition to fold, as he did last week. "There's no point in Davey being reckless in a race when he knows our pit work can get him back out

on the track at least even," said Wood. "We've changed two tires and refueled in 14 or 15 seconds many times."

When necessary, Pearson has fought viciously for his wins, laying to rest a long-standing charge that he didn't run hard if his car was not exactly right. In his one short-track win of the streak, at a flat half-mile oval in Martinsville, Va., he engaged in a marvelous late-race duel with Yarborough that would have done Johnson or Turner or any of the other old fender-busting Rebels proud.

So Pearson has won every way possible and the accolades, which in retrospect are long overdue, are finally his. That \$4,710 is more pocket money; he now seems sure to join the elite ranks of the half-dozen drivers whose official career earnings in major-league racing exceed \$1 million (the others: Petty, USAC's Foyt, Mario Andretti, Al Unser and Mark Donohue). The whole thing has not turned his head a bit, if anything, he's slightly embarrassed by all the fuss.

Gene Granger, a Spartanburg newspaperman and a close friend, said, "I know it sounds corny, but David's just folks. He doesn't really know he belongs. He's just as happy on the sidelines letting other people get the spotlight, and he honestly doesn't believe he deserves to be called one of the best drivers ever."

In his No. 21 Mercury, Pearson's shyness gives way to a relaxed coolness that has occasionally been mistaken for indifference. His is the only NASCAR racer with a working cigarette lighter, the better to nurse his two-pack-a-day habit, even under the green light, and he often jokes that the Wood Brothers' fast pit work doesn't give him time to light up.

Coolness was not always Pearson's most obvious trait. He grew up poor in Spartanburg, and today lives in an unpretentious house not far from the Whit-

PHOTOGRAPH BY MIKE ALSTRENE

He led rival Buddy Baker in practice, but David Pearson (right) couldn't keep up the pace

continued

ney Mill, where both his parents worked and where David himself put in a three-month stint many years ago. Spartanburg, then as now, was a hotbed of stock-car racing. "I knew the first time I saw a race I wanted to drive cars," Pearson said, "but I can't even remember what kind of race it was I saw. Jology, I guess."

He began driving seriously in 1955, and four years later won 30 of 42 Sportsman races he entered, and even with that record half his losses were deliberate. "The promoters told me if I won five races in a row they'd kick me out, so I'd win four and lead the fifth until the last lap and then pull over and let somebody else win."

"I was wild. Like every other young driver I wanted to lead every lap of every race. If I had an idol then, I guess it would have been Fireball."

With the help of his father, and a policeman friend who organized a radio appeal that raised money for his first Grand National car, Pearson joined the big time in 1960 and was named Rookie of the Year. In 1961, through the intercession of Owens, he got a Pontiac factory ride with Ray Fox, and promptly won three major races in the space of 3½ months—the World 600, the Rebel 250 and the Atlanta 500—something no driver had done to that time.

Two years later he joined Cotton Owens in a factory-backed Dodge. "I first met Davey when he was running Sportsman," said the frosty Owens. "I knew he'd be good because he obviously had talent and good reflexes—and he didn't freeze when he got in a race, like so many drivers do. Nothing bothered him. I remember once we went to a road course he'd never seen before and he outqualified everybody by two seconds. Two seconds. You could carry him to a big track, a short track, a dirt track, a road track. It didn't make any difference. Davey was still a little wild, though. At Richmond in 1964 I told him I could still beat him on my experience, even though he had more talent. I had two equal cars and I gave him the choice. I finished first and he finished second." After that, Cotton implied, Pearson was a little better about taking advice.

"I'm a different driver now than I was then," says Pearson. "I'm smarter, and I've got more experience. I learned they don't often pay lap money down here, so why go all out from the start?"

Pearson is phlegmatic about nearly ev-

erything regarding racing. Despite his 75 career triumphs and his three Grand National driving championships, he has yet to win either the Daytona 500 or the Southern 500, respectively the richest and most prestigious Grand Nationals available. He professes indifference both to the races and to the tracks. "It doesn't make any difference whether it's the Southern 500, the Northern 500 or the Eastern 500," he said. "All races are the same and all tracks are the same. It would be the same if you were running in a cornfield."

Showing a visitor the imposing high-banked turns of Talladega, he said, "Look at that. You can drive anywhere. The groove's all the way from the top to the bottom, drive where you want."

He also takes his racing luck as it comes, which hasn't been difficult recently. Said Yarborough, "I don't mean to take anything away from Glen as a builder or David as a driver, but there's got to be luck involved—lots of it. Like a wreck we had here last spring. David said he saw the yellow and slowed down in time to miss everything, but that's not what's important. The important thing is that the accident happened in front of me—not him."

The accident in the Winston 500 at Talladega last May was a chain-reaction holocaust that seemed to take an eternity to run its course. The crash began well in front of Pearson and immediately took out Yarborough, Baker and Bobby Allison. Pearson came through the first time unscathed, followed by Petty. Next time around Petty again followed Pearson through the carnage. Again, Pearson got through. Petty, however, ran over some debris that gashed his oil pan and forced him to retire 22 laps later. After that, Pearson could have walked his car to the winner's circle, and that's about what he did.

Bobby Allison, who has been on both sides of the winning-streak fence, having won seven major races himself in 1971 in a Holman-Moody car that Pearson had just vacated, says, "It does begin to grate on you after a while. You start to wonder what you have to do to beat the guy. Little things go wrong with the other cars and pretty soon he's running around out there by himself. But there's another side, too. When I was going so good two years ago, I got to thinking a little about when something might go wrong, when it was all going to end."

If Glen Wood has his way it will never end. The Pearson-Wood linkup is ideal. Wood is both intense and tactful, and, like Pearson, would prefer to keep words at a minimum, as well as his racing schedule. This year Pearson and Wood will run only two-thirds of the Grand National schedule, which displeases many of their fans and quite a few track promoters. "I understand their complaints," said Wood, "but they have no idea of the problems involved. We're not a big operation. We've got just two cars, and Leonard, my brother, is the only full-time racing employee the team has. Besides, you go ask anybody in the garage area what they'd rather do—run a lot or do what we do."

Yarborough, who made his reputation in a Wood Brothers car, said, "They've got an ideal situation. They race once every two or three weeks, they've got a lot of time to get ready, and when Sunday comes around, they're fresh, they're ready. Our crew, they're working on the car Monday morning at seven o'clock after every race because we run somewhere every week. When Sunday rolls around, we're tired, we're all tired."

Last week was a typical Wood Brothers production. The car arrived Wednesday. On Thursday, Pearson ran a few laps, then qualified second fastest—next to Bobby Allison at 185.862 mph—although he took only the first of his two allowable qualifying laps.

On Friday, Pearson ran just five laps before light showers canceled practice. On Saturday, he was scheduled for another five laps to check carburetion, a routine task. But when Buddy Baker's sleek 1973 Dodge Charger showed up, Pearson couldn't resist the temptation. They hooked up for five bumper-to-bumper laps at over 192 mph, drafting so closely the track's electronic-eye timer couldn't separate the two cars.

In the pits, Pearson's 48-hour gain of 6.5 mph first produced awe, then dismay. Junior Johnson, Yarborough's car owner, sat in his tow truck, stunned. Richard Petty allowed as how he was 7 mph off that speed, at best. When Pearson pulled in, Allison's racing brother Donnie ran over and said, "You're running the same kind of tires I am."

"Guess that proves it ain't the tires," said Glen Wood.

Pearson said later, "You got to shake 'em up a little. It'll make 'em work on their cars a little more." Then he saun-

continued



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tered back to his motel to await Sunday afternoon.

The whole episode pointed up something else about Pearson's current situation. Much of his success is due to the simple confusion of his opponents. By Saturday afternoon Yarborough was already working on his third engine of the week. Bobby Allison admitted to valve train problems with his Chevy and, just to compound his troubles, he jammed the middle finger of his right hand in a Sportsman race Friday night in Birmingham. Another of the Allison brothers, Eddie, a mechanic on Bobby's car, said, "Damn, I haven't slept for three days and nights I'm tired."

Baker, though his brief fling with Pearson raised his hopes some, had been so annoyed with some new NASCAR carburetor rules which he felt unfairly penalized his Chrysler hemi-head engine that he refused even to try and qualify for the pole and was forced to start the race from 21st position. And Petty, who qualified his Dodge with a wedge engine that had good power but uncertain reliability, switched to a hemi—then because of Pearson's run almost switched back. And that was how the race shaped up—the flustered hounds chasing a gray-beard silver fox.

As it turned out, neither the fox nor the hounds won. Instead, the race slogged through 64 lead changes and seven caution flags and was grimly punctuated by tragedy: one of the crashes snuffed out the life of Driver Larry Smith, NASCAR's 1972 Rookie of the Year. When it was all over, the race went to Californian Dick Brooks, who had nursed a 1972 Plymouth through it all, including a minor closing crack-up on pit road.

Until the very end, the race had played into Pearson's cool hands. He led 40 laps and always ran with the leaders, and when attrition took them out the prize appeared to be safe. Then the last green flag came out with just eight laps to go—Pearson's engine suddenly failed him and Brooks rolled home.

So Pearson's million will have to wait, probably until the Southern 500 in Darlington on Labor Day. Pearson allowed that he can afford it. "I never wanted to be rich," he had said earlier in the week. "Some guys, the more they get the more they want, but I don't know what I'd do if I had more money than I could spend."

END

*"It was sad enough having her call everything off.
But did she have to be so cruel?"*

"Good-bye Nick"

I walked around in the rain for hours after she said good-bye. It was sad enough, having her call everything off. But did she have to be so cruel? "Good-bye, Nick," she said. My name is Tom. Nick was what she called me though, because I always nicked myself when I shaved. The rain was loosening the bandage on my face.

It was late when I arrived at my apartment and found a small, plainly wrapped package at my door. I picked it up and went in. Exhausted, but unable to sleep, I sat down and opened the package.

Inside was a Gillette Technomatic® razor. The note carried her fragrance into the room and memories flooded my dulled mind. The Technomatic, she wrote, is adjustable so I can change the setting to fit my skin and beard. And instead of blades with corners that can cut and nick my face, there's a continuous razor band. And it's all safely enclosed in a cartridge so I will never have to touch a sharp edge again.

A smooth, safe shave, she wrote.

But, best of all, she signed it,

"Hello, Tom."



With Gillette TECHMATIC
it's good-bye Nick



THE IMMACULATE RECEPTION AND OTHER MIRACLES

The Pittsburgh Steelers arose from the sleg heap last season by the agency of such assorted wonders as a providential catch by Franco Harris and the groovy benediction of Frank Sinatra by MYRON COPE

In the space of 40 years, infants have grown to become Watergate plotters, beauty queens have been retired to nursing homes, and Norman Thomas has become for many a name they might identify as that of a San Diego Padres first baseman. So 40 years is a long time, and unless you were one of us—that is to say, a part or partisan of the Pittsburgh Steelers, who after four desolate decades in the NFL won their first divisional title—you cannot possibly know the sweetness. Sweetness, did I say? More, it was the *ne plus ultra* of frustration when, as if to compensate for the lost years, everything fell into place. Even Sinatra came around, and I shall begin by telling you about him in the event there exists any doubt that to get hot after 40 years is to be *hot*.

It is December 1972. We are in Palm Springs (I as the color man for Steeler radio broadcasts) to acclimate ourselves for the upcoming title-clinching game in San Diego. Dinner the second evening is at Lord Fletcher's, well out beyond Frank Sinatra Drive. Over cocktails I say

to traveling secretary Buff Boston, "I'm giving up on the Sinatra project, I've had it." During our short stay, at least six local Italians have represented themselves to me as Sinatra's No. 1 *compère* and guaranteed to put him in touch with me at once. "All phones," I say. "I'm not wasting any more of my time."

"Waste a little more," says Boston, who is facing the front door. "There's your man."

In the flesh, to be sure. He goes to a table in an adjoining room, followed by a toothsome girl, Leo Durocher and Ken Venturi. I write a note on a napkin:

Dear Frank,

We are press and front-office bums traveling with the Steelers. We do not wish to disturb your dinner except to say this, Franco Harris, who as you probably know is a cinch for Rookie of the Year, has a fanclub called Franco's Italian Army. Franco is, half-black, half-Italian. So a baker named Tony Stagno started Franco's Italian Army and is its four-star general. The

Army hopes you will come out to practice tomorrow to be commissioned a one-star general. There will, of course, be an appropriate ceremony in which you will be given a general's battle helmet, and there will be ritual dago red and provolone cheese and prosciutto, and there will be much Italian hugging and kissing.

And then, reaching back to Sinatra's origins, I tell a small lie: "P.S. Franco's from Hoboken."

He's really from Mt. Holly, N.J., but my artful approach—supported, in retrospect, by the fact that Quarterback Terry Bradshaw has a dislocated finger and Sinatra the earmarks of a man who bets football—does the trick. His first words, after making a beeline to our table, are, "How's the quarterback's finger?"

In Pittsburgh, Four-Star General Stagno, summoned by my urgent phone call, tumbles out of bed to learn that Sinatra has agreed—"groovy" is the way he put it—to present himself approximately 15 hours hence. Never in his 34 years has



BOUNCING BALL went off shoulder of Oakland's Jack Tatum (31) into grasp of Harris (89).



FRANCO HAS A GLASS OF RED WITH FRANK UPON LATTER'S INDUCTION INTO ARMY

Tony Stagno been able to screw up the courage to board an airplane, but within the hour he and Three-Star General Al Venio are talking to an airline clerk, "Economy or first class?" asks the clerk. Tony replies, "Always the Italian Army travels first class." With that, the two generals peel off close to \$400 apiece for round-trip tickets that will land them in Palm Springs at two p.m. and six hours later fly them out to their bakery and pizza establishments in Pittsburgh.

So right there along the sideline at practice, with Italian flags flying, the whole thing comes off—the wine, the

cheese, the embracing and kissing, the cries of *campore*. Franco Harris stands there beaming, the first player in the history of the league to drink during practice. Sinatra, after giving his ear the familiar tug and saying "Groovy, groovy," inquires of Franco, "How's the quarterback's finger?"

Before boarding his return flight, General Stagno telephones his wife and tells her, "It was like kissing God."

So I ask you, can you doubt the sweetness of that 40th year? Perceive it you may but, again, unless you were part or partisan of

the Steelers, you cannot fully comprehend. I am 13, walking, sometimes skipping, down the hill to the foot of Bouquet Street, heading for the bowels of old Forbes Field. I pass through a narrow entrance into the vendors' hole, a dungeon furnished with two battered picnic tables and a few benches. No problem gaining entrance, for during the baseball season I had appeared regularly for the shape-up. On days when big crowds were expected and a great many vendors needed, boss Myron O'Brien would force himself to look my way. He would sigh, distressed at having run out of strong backs, and say, "O K... kid, soo-vaners."

But this was football season and I had no intention of working. An iron gate separated the vendors' hole from a ramp leading into the park to keep the no-goods among us from sneaking off to spend the day as spectators. I had learned that if I arrived early enough one of the bosses going to and fro would leave the gate unlocked for a few moments. I would dash through, sprint clear to the top of the ball park in right field and hide in a rest room. It would be 2½ hours till the ball park gates opened, but I passed the cold mornings memorizing the rosters I had torn from the Sunday sports section. At 11 a.m. I would be in position for a front-row space amid the standing-room crowd. The standees, who

continued

same in thick, lowing herds, seemed to outnumber the people holding tickets for seats. The reason was that they consisted of men who had walked in free or for four bits, courtesy of pals working the turnstiles. In those days, as Steeler Owner Art Rooney knew full well, Pittsburgh ticket takers had large circles of friends.

We came knowing we would suffer. Picture, if you will, a chunky man named Fran Rogel who, if given a football and told to run through a wall, would say "On what count?" It is 1955, and the Steelers have a splendid passer named Jim Finks and a lumber receiver named Goose McClaren. They also have Fran Rogel at fullback and a head coach named Wali Kiesling, who in training camp a few months before cut a rookie named John Umlas. A big, narrow-eyed German, Kiesling wears the expression of a man suffering from indigestion and has the view that there is only one way to start a football game. On the first Steeler play from scrimmage, Sunday after Sunday, rain or shine, he sends Fran Rogel plowing up the middle.

The word having gotten around, the enemy is stacked in what might be called an 11-0-0 defense. From the farthest reaches of Forbes Field 25,000 voices send down a thunderous chant, hoping ridicule will dissuade Kiesling. "Hi-diddle-diddle, Rogel up the middle!"

And up the middle he goes, disappearing in a welter of opponents hailing like starved wolves for a piece of his flesh.

From his seat in the press box Art Rooney—the Chief—tightens the grip on his cigar till his knuckles whiten. Never has he interfered with a coach. But he has absorbed all he can bear, so for the next game he furnishes an opening play. "Kies," he tells the coach, "we are going to have Jim Finks throw a long pass to Goose McClaren. That's an order."

McClaren breezes into the open field, there being nobody in the 11-0-0 defense remotely concerned about him, takes Finks' pass at a casual lope and trots into the end zone. The touchdown is called back. A Steeler lineman was offside. After the game Rooney confronts the offender, only to learn from the poor fellow that Kiesling ordered him to lurch offside. "If that pass play works," Kies hissed at the lineman, "that club owner will be down here every week giving us plays." A philosophical man, the Chief never again makes the attempt.

So you see, it was not that we always

had the worst talent in the league. On the contrary, Jim Brown used to say, "You'll usually find a way to beat the Steelers, but on Monday you'll ache as you haven't ached all season." Heroes we always had. They thrived on the black pall that rose from the steel mills along the Monongahela, they perfected the brand of football the working people loved. After all, why was the incompressible Ernie Stautner wrapping all that tape around his fists and forearms? Could he, as some suspected, have been soaking it in cold water, so that when it dried it would set like plaster of Paris? From Johnny Blood to Bullet Bill Dudley (who as a rookie complained of being driven from the huddle by the whiskey on his teammates' breath) to Bobby Layne and John Henry Johnson, we had football players to cheer, but usually not enough of them. Even when there were, something invariably went wrong. For two years we had a great tyrant of a coach, Jack Sutherland, who was building a juggernaut. He died of a brain tumor.

Our ascent to glory began on a gray winter's afternoon 4½ years ago in an upstairs suite of the Roosevelt, an aging downtown hotel where the Steelers had their headquarters. Dan Rooney, then 36, the Chief's eldest son, for several years had been easing into command of the club's day-to-day operations, and now he was presenting the Steelers' 16th head coach to the press.

Chuck Noll, 36, defensive backfield coach at Baltimore under Don Shula, scarcely cut a figure to trigger excitement. Vaguely handsome with an F.D.R. chin and the sloping shoulders of a linebacker, he wore a tweed jacket and in a light voice evaded pointed questions. He did it with the same tactful smile he would employ four years later when, baring cameramen from practice, he explained, "Fellas, it's icy out here. You might slip and break your expensive equipment."

During his first season in Pittsburgh Noll would look into the stands and say to himself, "My goodness! What strange football crowds." He thought back to his first pro coaching stint with the Chargers in Los Angeles and San Diego, where he had seen brightly frucked women on the arms of their husbands and often, too, the little ones tagging along from Sunday school. Here he saw middle-aged hornerous men wearing their old high school football jackets, their faces grown beefy on Polish sausage or Italian bread

or corned beef and cabbage. These men invariably showed up in high humor only to plunge, as often as not, into teeth-grinding rage. The previous season, under Coach Bill Austin, the Steelers had won but two games; now they won but one. If all those ex-high school tackles from the river towns of Allegheny and Beaver Falls and McKees Rocks had known that the new coach frequently tied on an apron to prepare gourmet dishes, that he religiously attended concerts of the Pittsburgh Symphony or that his fondest wish (granted by his wife last Christmas) was to putter among Martha Washington geraniums in his very own greenhouse, they might have passed up the deer season for an armed assault on Steeler headquarters.

"The problem we had," says Noll of that first year, "was to find out about our players. And the only way was to play them."

Noll is, beyond anything, resolute. While a low-salaried linebacker and messenger guard for Paul Brown's Cleveland Browns, he completed three years of a four-year night-school law course, with no intention of ever practicing law. "I felt that just playing football and doing nothing else was a waste of time, so I went to law school simply with the idea of gaining background," he says. Always a superior student and once described by Jim Brown as the only player who could score 100% on Paul Brown's playbook examinations, Noll sees nothing incongruous in his having studied Blackstone in the casual spirit of a suburban housewife taking classes in ceramics. When he coached in Baltimore, the newspapermen there dubbed him, not entirely without envy, "Knowledge," and when Pittsburgh sportswriters assayed his efforts he privately objected less strenuously to pieces that panned him than to those written without style.

The son of a Cleveland laboring man who died in his 40s of Parkinson's disease, Chuck Noll had come poor to football and culture. He thinks of himself not so much as a coach as a teacher, and is totally confident of his ability. Steeler crowds hooded him and critics panned him when he refused to call plays for Terry Bradshaw who, after having quarterbacked at Louisiana Tech, was finding the transition to the NFL roughly equivalent to trying to fly a lunar rocket after having sex lessons in a Paper Cub, but Noll was serene.

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"Chuck, feels," says Dan Rooney, "that if the quarterback is totally involved, even to the point of helping form the game plan, he'll feel freer to authorize and to consider a story from a receiver who says he can get clear. I don't think our quarterbacks draw up the game plan, but I think that's what Chuck would like it to come to."

So the teacher brought up his young pupils quickly and somewhat sternly. "I have never had an extended conversation with the man," said one Steeler the day the team clinched the Central Division title. Noll's premise, no doubt, was that attachment to players destroys objectivity. "On Monday morning he'll smile passing you in the hall and say, 'Good morning,' and just from the way he smiles you're damn sure he's telling you, 'You played a terrible game yesterday.' The feeling you get is not that you're only as good as your last game, it's that you're only as good as your next game. You never know where you stand with Noll, so you're always working like hell to keep your job. But he is so knowledgeable, so cool under fire, that you have tremendous respect for him." During the recent off-season, players who dropped into Steeler headquarters observed unprecedented signs of warmth—and fatal! Inquisitiveness in Noll, who previously had restricted such impulses to haranguing the Steelers into believing they were better than their opponents. Not long ago, pressed to assess the Steelers' difficult 1973 schedule, Noll finally said, "We have an easy schedule. We don't have to play the Steelers."

Yes, having risen, our Steelers are given to flippancy, for they have the look of an express still gathering steam. One afternoon last November, Joe Gordon, the publicist, looked up from a sheaf of statistics and said, "Hey, listen to this." Of the 40 men on the club's active roster, no fewer than 24 were 24 years old or younger. Twelve were second-year men from the 1971 draft, and six of those were starters. Let George Allen chew on that while he's turning up the thermostat to keep his old folks warm.

In the spacious lobby of the new Steeler offices on the ground level of Three Rivers Stadium, a brilliant hand-stitched tapestry covered the right-hand wall. Avant-garde and dazzling, it depicted a football-play diagram exploding into meters of black and gold. The Chief

frowned over his cigar as he studied the spectacular work. It was the summer of 1970 and this was his first visit to the new offices. At last he pronounced his verdict on the artist's creation. "It looks," he said, "like a hockey play."

The past seemed to have been obliterated by one fell swoop of decorators, except that one anachronistic note remained. Each day the Chief would enter the vast, lavishly appointed new dressing room, pause inside the doorway to get his bearings and then wander from locker to locker. To players dressing for practice he would offer his hand and say, in a dialect surviving Pittsburgh's long-gone Irish First Ward, "How do ya?" To his favorites he would proffer an expensive cigar.

They had every right, these young studs collected by Chuck Noll, to wonder what it is with this old man whose history of failure lies upon us like a millstone, perpetuating our ridicule. He had, in fact, been a great all-round athlete, one who knew football as well as any owner, but he had run the Steelers as a sportsman torn between two loves, the other being horse racing. More often than not he hired coaches who shared his feelings for the track, and he let them run their teams unencumbered, clear through to making all trades. "I think that was my whole mistake, letting the coaches have a free hand," he has said. "I was able I was competent."

At Three Rivers now, his personal attentions to Noll's players, rather than causing him to appear the fumbling fool, dissolved the athletes' worldly veneer to reveal them as boys far from home. Their cynicism crumbled in his presence, for what other owner in the whole of the league knew the names of the lowliest rookies? Black Quarterback Joe Gilliam, an 11th-round draft choice who in December would save a vital win over Houston, had entered a four-way fight for three jobs, pessimistic that he would receive an impartial evaluation. Briefed, however, by his soul brothers, he said, "I'm not worried about Mr. Rooney."

"The way I see it, we've got to win two of the first four to have a chance," Dan Rooney said last summer. A young team needing time to congeal, the Steelers faced a difficult first month—their opener against the strong Oakland Raiders, then three straight road games. But they pulled it off by winning two of the four,

whereupon the first sign of euphoria appeared. It was a banner that hung from the bottom deck of the south end zone and it said, "Gerela's Gorillas!" In a city that would soon embrace the mad notion that the Steelers could win a title, what could be more appropriately senseless than the emergence of the team's first fan club as a clique for, of all people, Placekicker Roy Gerela.

Victories accumulated—three in a row—and suddenly, on my morning radio show, I found myself hollering, "Attention, Gerela's Gorillas!" Cincinnati Kicker Horst Muhlmann was coming to town only two weeks after blowing three crucial field goals in a game at Los Angeles. "Attention, Gerela's Gorillas! Hang out an end-zone banner that says, 'Hey, Horst! Remember LA!'" Next, Kansas City's Jan Stenerud was heading our way. Had he not cost the Chiefs a possible trip to the Super Bowl by blowing a field goal against Miami in the 1971 playoffs? "Attention, Gerela's Gorillas! The banner for this week is 'Hey, Stenerud! Remember the Miami playoff!'" Next, Minnesota's Fred Cox presented an emotional problem, local boy from nearby Mon City, ex-University of Pittsburgh halfback, highly popular in Pittsburgh, O.K. "Mon City Freddy, we love you. But choke!" The Gorillas, however, had no time for sentiment. Their banner simply read, "Mon City Freddy, choke!" Don Cockroft was having a super season with the Browns, but it came back to me that during his horrible slump of 1971 the insiders were whispering, "He thinks too much." So for Don Cockroft, the Gorillas' banner cried out, "Hey, Cockroft! Think!"

The Steelers tore through the Bengals, Chiefs, Vikings and Browns, and all the while the Gorillas dangled perilously over the grandstand facade, jabbing their fingers at their art as Horst, Jan, Freddy and Don ruefully looked up. Among them the kickers managed to put just two field goals between the upstarts, and one of those a meaningless boot by Muhlmann that came after the Steelers had a 26-point lead. Lord, this was more fun than the time fat old Bobby Layne led a jazz band till three in the morning, then went out on a treacherously icy field to establish a Steeler record by passing for 409 yards.

As the Italian Army general staff danced on the dugout roof, Franco Harris was running over cornerbacks, laying

continued

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MIRACLES

them as flat as so many slices of capocollo. Coont Frenchy Fuqua, his matty running mate, was now wearing two watches (one on a gold fob across his vest), and Defensive End L. C. Greenwood was hanging in there week after week on one healthy leg. One Sunday the congregation of St. Bernard's Roman Catholic Church arose in the middle of mass to give a lusty cheer for Linebacker Jack Ham. But it was in the Astro-dome at Houston the next to last week of the regular season that our troops, striving to protect a one-game lead over surprising Cleveland, proved what they were made of.

Flu struck five players the morning of the game, but they played. Thirteen Steelers went down with injuries but played on till doctors forbade them. Joe Gilliam, the team's last fun, timing quarterback, saw his first (and last) action of the season and had his knee torn apart. "Ready to surrender?" said an Oiler, but gimpy Joe, now a black McAuliffe at Bastogne, replied, "Nuts!" The score was tied 3-3 when our stupendous defensive tackle, Mean Joe Greene, told himself, "I have not come this close to a title to see it slip away." Five times he singlehandedly sacked the Houston quarterback, on another play he jarred loose the ball from an Oiler running back and recovered the fumble to set up a field goal. All told, Gerela kicked three and, amid the rubble of a 9-3 Steeler victory, passions overwhelmed their normally self-composed coach. "We had guys out there bleeding," Noll said. "Bleeding but simply gutting it out." His thoughts turned to Joe Greene and, summoning the enormity he believed said it all, declared, "That's a class football player."

How then can anyone insinuate that the Steelers were anything less than deserving of the now-famous Franco Harris miracle, the Terry Bradshaw fourth-down pass that in the first playoff game ricocheted from the shoulder of Oakland defensive back Jack Tatum to be gobbled up on a shoestring catch by Franco? To be sure, as Harris galloped to a touchdown with just five seconds left on the clock, our team stood guilty of receiving 12th-man assistance. While Bradshaw had barked signals, General Tony Stagno had extracted from a small case an ivory fetter and fixed the Oakland Raider defense with the Italian evil eye. But perhaps an even higher power had ordained the astonishing play, had pro-

continued

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In this picture, everybody has a gimmick... almost everybody. Try picking the one who doesn't go along.

1. No way. He's Gerry Ains, over-the-hill hippie. Irons his hair twice daily. Cigarettes taste just as flat. Gimmick: Watching bowling pins do their own thing. 2. No way. He's Normi Glowinski. Gimmick: Uses so much body english that police have ridden the place four times. 3. Nope. It's Angie. The Ains. Kugelman.

4. The fellow had little automatic pin-setting machines have quit. Smokes 20 cigarettes so heavily filtered, he's like a man giving mouth-to-mouth resuscitation to a rock. 5. Right. He just likes bowling, not gimmicks. Likes his cigarette honest and no-nonsense, too. Camel Filters. Easy and good tasting. 6. Zooty Smith. Gimmick: Has worn same good luck clothes since he broke 125 in 1942. Smokes war surplus cigarettes and saves the tinfol. 6. Why? Kid Pringle. Developed math formula to bowl a perfect strike. Unfortunately releases ball on backswing.

Camel Filters. CAMEL
They're not for everybody
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Glides on in one coat even over black.
Just follow label directions.

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even over black. Just follow label directions.

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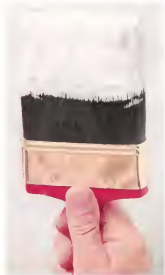
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You can apply Gel-Flo any way you want! Spray it on, roll it on or brush it on. Any way, Gel-Flo glides on for the easiest paint job ever.

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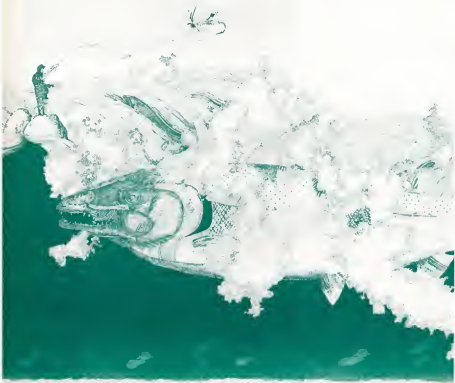
A company of  Corporation

Although Zane Grey wrote glowingly about other great American fishing streams, he selfishly kept mum about the greatest of them all, the Umpqua.

This writer, a weaker man, simply could not carry the burden of silence

by JACK OLSEN

LOVE LETTER TO A RESTLESS RIVER



In an era of moribund waters, when you can plow the Colorado and elch copper in Lake Erie and walk across the chubs and suckers and other trash fish in stoned streams like the Allagash and Neversink, there is an undersung river in Oregon that runs seltzer-clear from bank to bank while fish queue up to mug your hook. Its name is Umpqua, an ancient Indian word for "satisfied," a good description of the river's fishermen. A better description might be *gwerly* satisfied, if not downright secretly satisfied. For years the Umpqua tradition has been to take your limit and tell no tales. Just ask the locals, if you can get one to discuss the subject. "On your way, Sonny," an elderly streamer is inclined to grump if you ask him where the action is. "And while you're at it, take a shave!"

Zane Grey was ecstatic about the Umpqua, but he was reluctant to send it any public love letters. Long after he had abandoned his old fishing camp at Winkle Bar on the Rogue River and moved to what he called "the green-rushing, singing Umpqua," Grey kept declaiming the wonders of the Rogue, the Smith, the

Klamath and other famous trout and salmon streams. *Anyplace* but the Umpqua. In 1935 he broke security long enough to declare his beloved Umpqua "superior to any river in the United States and comparable to the great rivers of Newfoundland or the far-famed Tongariro of New Zealand," but after that he kept silent. The close-mouthed tradition continues. Ed Davis, a guide who works the middle section of the river, told me, "Sure, I'll take you fishing, but not if you're gonna write about it. The Umpqua doesn't need any more publicity."

Perhaps because of the lack of publicity, the Umpqua keeps getting better and better. In 1947 some 2,500 Chinook salmon were coming up the river each year to spawn; now the number exceeds 16,000, some of them 80 pounds. Twenty-five years ago less than 3,500 steelhead trout were making their summer run up the Umpqua; nowadays there are five times that number. In the few weeks when the steelhead and Chinook are temporarily AWOL, the fisherman can take his choice of heavy migrabots of Pacific shad or bluebacked sea-run cutthroat trout, or he can go after striped bass or white and green sturgeon in the lower river (Oregon law requires that you return all sturgeon over six feet, but you may keep the little tads of four and five feet). If your taste runs more to white water, the upper reaches of the North Umpqua are populated by three kinds of trout—brook, rainbow and brown—ranging from a few ounces to 15 pounds, and there is a spawning run of kokanee salmon. There are also tiny tributaries such as Fish Creek where you can take a 2½-ounce fly rod and catch 25 miniature trout in an hour, and if that fishing pulls there are stretches of warm water downstream where you can haul out an occasional Eastern species like bluegill, largemouth bass and catfish. Austrian *bachet*, striped marlin and Nile perch haven't shown up yet, but don't bet against the possibility.

Nobody knows when the first sports fisherman happened upon the tumbling Umpqua and stood there goggle-eyed catching fish after fish, species after species, but it was probably not until the

1920s. One early resident wrote of meeting a woodsman who told hysterical stories about monster fish stealing his tackle just upstream of the intersection of the North Umpqua and Steamboat Creek, where the river is at its wildest. He decided to see for himself. He waded out to a big rock, tied on a spinner and cast it across the foam. "Immediately the whole North Umpqua climbed on the spinner," he wrote, "and it took me 35 minutes of battle royal to land that steelhead. This was done not with heavy tackle, but with my regular trout rig that I bought at Churchill's Hardware Store in Roseburg. The fish weighed 12 pounds and was the most beautiful thing in the world."

Even today there are stories about vacationers who chance upon the river and decide to try a few casts before continuing their journey to other more publicized fishing streams like the McKenzie or the Rogue. A local microbiologist and Umpqua regular named Dale Greenley drove past a deep pool last summer and saw a newcomer fighting a heavy fish. Five hours later Greenley came back down the stream and saw the same visitor sitting under a bush, glaring at the water. "Did you ever land that big fish?" Greenley said cheerily.

"Naw," the fisherman said. "The so-and-so got off a few minutes ago." Greenley asked him if he was through for the day. "Yep," the man said. "I'm goin' back to the Rogue. What's the use of fishin' for fish you can't land?"

The modern history of the Umpqua began in the early 1930s when Fred Burnham, one of the better-known Western fly-fishermen, collared his friend Zane Grey and told him, "These fish are nothing like the Rogue River steelhead. There are no small ones. They lie in the fast riffles and even come through the white water for a fly. And when you get one on, you'll probably forget any other steelhead you ever caught."

Loren Grey, Zane's son, a skilled fisherman himself, has vivid memories of the family's summers on the North Umpqua. In those days, before the paved highway went through, one struggled 400 feet down the canyon walls in some areas to

continued



fish the river, and the first rule was: don't grab a vine till you're sure it doesn't rattle. Loren Grey remembers putting a fly over a big rock and watching three steelhead converge on it at once. His brother Homer caught a 14-pounder and their father outfished the whole party. The elderly author introduced a Scottish tradition by christening the anonymous pools and riffles near his camp; ever since, they have been known by names like The Ledges, Divide Pool, Split Rock Hole and the Takahashi Hole (named for the family cook who cleared backcasting space with a butcher knife, then nailed a 10-pound steelhead).

Zane Grey was followed on the Umpqua by other classic anglers, men like Clarence Gordon, Zeke Allen and Ray Bergman. Lawrence Mott, a retired Army major, who visited the river even earlier than Grey, fished with such dedication that a bridge and a pool were named after him. Dying of cancer, he begged that an ambulance take him to his favorite spot, and a party of attendants camped alongside the stream till the old man drew his final breath.

The river that excites such fanatical devotion rises high in the Oregon Cascades in small lakes and streams and springs, running chill and clear through volcanic pumice and thick springy beds of coniferous humus that filter and flavor it evergreen. After only a few miles the North Umpqua begins to roll like a Swiss express train, and soon it is roaring through canyons of columnar basalt and across dark gray bedrock. At one point it slams head on into the Little River and then undulates across the lower country to a meeting with a branch called the South Umpqua and another 100-odd serpentine miles to the Pacific, a total journey of over 200 miles.

Few of the miles are restful, even to the eye. Ray Bergman, a man who is not given to attacks of the vapors, called the Umpqua "wild and beautiful and at first sight a bit terrifying." At second sight, too. The prudent angler will take heed, the Umpqua and its broad-shouldered fish are best treated with respect and a healthy dash of paranoia, unless, of course, you are specially equipped, like the river otters that come with the territory. Last year a friend was casting over a resting Chinook when one of the otters dove deep into the pool and without further ado hauled the salmon out on a rock across the river. "That wasn't

bad enough," my friend said with righteousness. "He took a couple of bites out of my fish, and then he sat up and burped."

Historically, one fisherman at a time has beset the Umpqua like a colossus; the incumbent is a quicksilver specimen named Frank Moore, a 51-year-old innkeeper, master angler and member of Oregon's State Wildlife Commission. Frank Moore chews gum at 165 strokes a minute, flies his own plane, stoepcasts steelhead flies 125 feet, and leaves young fishermen gasping in his wake as he runs from pool to pool on his ceaseless search for *Salmo gairdneri*, the steelhead trout. Moore also runs the Steamboat Inn, headquarters for North Umpqua anglers and meeting place of a fishing, lying and conservation club called The Steamboaters. The inn sits rustic and plain in a matrix of aging apple trees and grapevines, near one of Zane Grey's old camps. "I was running a restaurant in Roseburg," Moore explains, "and wearing out two or three sets of tires a summer coming up here on the old dirt road. So I figured if I bought the inn I'd at least save on tires. That's been our financial return every year since 1957—the savings on tires."

The Steamboat Inn, under the aegis of Moore and his tireless wife Jeanne, has taken on some of the rumpled and pipe-smoky atmosphere of Harry Darbee's place on the Beaver Kill or the mossy old fishing clubs along the Wye and the Tichen. Relaxed disorder and large trout are the main preoccupations. In its main room, outdoors magazines, ichthyological reference books and bird manuals are heaped in a corner; in the back, under one of Zane Grey's old Edwards rods, a fly-tying vise sits next to a box of red-dyed chicken necks, aromatic pelt swatches from deer and calf and polar bears, sections of a Plymouth Rock rooster, a clump of blue-dyed dun saddle hackle, a peacock feather and other oddments of the fly-tying obsession. When a customer wants to work up a new fly, he simply sits down and starts. When he wants to eat, he grabs something off the shelves or yells an order to the kitchen, meanwhile assuaging his thirst from a beer and soft-drink cooler. When the hour of reckoning comes, the customer simply tells the Moores what he thinks he has consumed, and the Moores tell the customer how much they

guess he owes. "It's an honor system, both ways," Moore says. "I don't know whether it works or not, and I don't care, as long as we don't go bankrupt."

Several years ago the Steamboat Inn became the birthplace of The Steamboaters, a very exacting group with strong prejudices and intolerances. One is that steelhead trout should be caught but not killed, at least in the main. A fisherman named Mike Baughman wrote, "I was surprised a few years ago when I took my first North Umpqua steelhead into the inn and was looked at by some of the people there as if I was Jack the Ripper." Another Steamboaters' precept is that no one with thin skin need apply for membership. In the organization's slapdash archives one reads such peculiar compliments as "Gayle Haines is a socialite but still a delightful person," or "in addition to being a great fisherman, Dave Lennihan is also the epitome of sportsmanlike conduct. Dave releases all of his fish, most of them from about 50 yards away."

Such rugging and teasing are standard behavior for all guests of the Steamboat Inn, but one must practice careful tuning, lest one attract a blow to the lips. "Umpqua fishermen are funny people," says Jeanne Moore. "If they go more than a few days without catching a fish, look out! It stops being funny. There's a fisherman who comes here and if he's not catching fish we can't do anything right around the lodge. *Nobody* can. If his wife has the nerve to cough, she gets snapped at. Then he catches a fish and he's all sweetness and smiles."

Jack Hemingway, the author's son, fishes the Umpqua for 12 hours at a stretch, if the fishing is slow, and also if the fishing is fast, and sometimes his wailing wife Puck grows testy. "One evening Jack came back all tired out and they got into an argument about the amount of time he spends on the river," Frank Moore says. "Puck said, 'For two cents I'd break your rod.' Jack gave her the two cents and she snapped it over her knee. 'There,' she said. 'How did you like that?'" Jack said, "Well, I didn't mind, but Frank might be a little annoyed." It was my prize Silaflex. He'd borrowed it that morning.

If there is anything that steams up the angling fanatics more than a fishing famine, it is the arrival of a spin-rodder or a furtive bait fisherman. Purism is the supreme Steamboat ethos; indeed, the inn

continued



The Machete.

(Carving out time for what counts)

We're always showing ordinary couples doing an extraordinarily refreshing thing: enjoying being together. To celebrate these small reminders that human beings can still be human, we try to suggest a drink that is suitably refreshing.

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16 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Feb. 79

A cowboy wearing a green hat and a vest sits on a dark horse in a vast, hilly landscape. The horse is facing away from the camera, looking towards a range of mountains under a dramatic, cloudy sky. The scene is bathed in the warm light of a sunset or sunrise.

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lies in the middle of a 35-mile reach marked for artificial fly-fishing only, one of the longest stretches of so-called "quality water" on any American stream (and one of the reasons the fishing continues to hold up). Occasionally a beginner may be indulged in the use of a spinning rod, but only in conjunction with flies, and then not for long. Once a Portland businessman named Jack Young had to be weaned away from his spinning tackle after driving all the Steamboaters crazy with weighted flies. "But then I went two weeks with my fly rod and never got a strike," Young remembers, "and I was snapping at everybody as the place. Finally I grabbed my old spinning rod and drove to my favorite pool at 70 miles an hour. Somebody ran and got Frank, and he jumped into the old Jeep truck and came after me. He was hollering, 'Jack, Jack, don't do it! Don't do it, Jack!' He came running down the bank shouting that he'd help me, he'd show me where the fish were, he'd make sure I caught a big one. He grabbed me and pressed a fly rod into my hands. Thank God! He saved me from myself."

4. People like Frank Moore soon come to know almost every fish in the Umpqua personally. Near the Steamboat Inn the highway snakes 40 or 50 feet above the river, and whenever Moore goes for a drive he steers precariously along the streamside shoulder—against the traffic flow, if he's headed downstream—and gazers at the water, searching intently for the telltale black streak that marks a salmon or the smooth gray shadow of a steelhead finning in a pool. At any given instant he knows the positions and approximate weights of 150 or 200 large fish, and his fellow loonies spend hours trying to worm the details out of him. Such information is priceless to the North Umpqua steelhead fisherman, and the gathering of it takes precedence over all normal pursuits. Once an angler named Ted Novis lost his footing and tumbled bottom up, negotiating an entire pool with his head straight down in the water. When he surfaced 100 yards downstream, sputtering and gasping, a man ran up and asked, "Hey, did you see any fish?"

Another time an excited woman burst into the inn and burred, "I saw an osprey on the river!"

"Well, go on," said a Steamboater, "finish the story."

"What do you mean, finish the story?"

"Was he catching anything?"

Wading a big hefty river is always dangerous, but especially so the North Umpqua. The water moves with exceptional force and power and the bedrock boulders are faulted with cracks and holes to depths of 10 to 12 feet. Much of the rock is vitrified, polished as smooth as window glass, and covered with fine algae and silt that act as lubricants. The North Umpqua is made up mostly of snowmelt, and its temperature except in midsummer can send a strong, healthy man into quick convulsions. "A man who can swim three miles will turn belly up in a few minutes in the Umpqua," says Moore. "It's a very cold and unforgiving river."

And yet the North Umpqua forgave the great fly-fisherman Clarence Gordon, owner of the forerunner of Steamboat Inn, for long years. He would wade out to a deep crack, make a dainty hop, skip and jump, and land on the other side like a moon walker. Others in trail would sink to their eyeballs. Once Gordon was leading a prominent San Franciscan to the Statton Pool when the man tried to take a shortcut. The hat was found immediately, the body several hours later. Gordon pronounced a harsh epitaph: "He was fishing with a fly, but he had spinners in his heart." A true Steamboater would rather see you stick up a nunny than fish with metal.

One of the favorite pastimes of fishermen at the Steamboat Inn is to sit around telling wading stories, many of them featuring a wild character named Claude Batault, French consul general in San Francisco until a few years ago. Batault, a former race driver and deep-sea diver and semipro bourbon drinker, waded the river one full summer with a foot-to-hip cast on a broken leg. Once he hooked a fish just in front of the inn and played it for two hours, all the while sending booted messengers for bourbon. On another occasion he tried one of his typically herculean casts with a Rotz Parabolic rod only to have the backcast go awry; the hook tore through the cartilaginous part of his ear. Bleeding merrily and bluing the air with Gallic curses, he broke the leader and left the fly in his ear while he fished for the rest of the day. That evening Batault clomped back to the inn and began yanking viciously at his ear.

"What are you doing, Claude?" Frank Moore asked.

"One can see quite plainly, I am trying to remove a fly," Batault snapped.

"Well, let me snip off the barb and it'll slide right through."

"No!" Batault shouted. "Absolutely not! I will not permit you to snip the barb off a Golden Demon tied by Cal Bird." He twisted and jerked until he had enlarged the hole in his ear sufficiently to allow the hook, barb and all, to pass through. "Fowler!" said Batault, dripping blood all over the floor. "We have recovered the fly."

"This river is a character-builder," says Frank Moore, "and also a lumacy-builder. You wouldn't believe what some of the people do when they get a big fish on. Chuck Taneland, a race-car driver who fishes here—when he hooks a big steelhead he cinches up his waders and dives right in. Head first, splash! and down the river they go, Chuck and the fish. Of course, that's not for your average person. One summer there was a college kid here from Corvallis, had a temporary job, and somebody put a rod in his hand. He hooked a big fish and by God he was gonna catch it! The fish went over the falls and the kid went right over the falls after it. He came out all bruised and shocked; he said he grabbed for a string of bubbles but they wouldn't support his weight. He caught the fish, too—a 10-pounder. That kid spent the whole rest of the summer fishing—he never did another lick of work."

One day Moore heard a bellow from the general direction of the river and raced out to see a regular customer, a retired Army general in his 80s, waving for help. A mighty fish had taken his fly over the rapids, and the general was too feeble to give chase. Moore plashed into the river, helped the old cavalryman to his shoulders and followed the fish 200 yards before it was finally landed. Moore remembers "another guy, a Hollywood producer, big and overfed, maybe 200 pounds; he was scared to wade and dying to fish. I carried him all over the river one summer. What a character-builder that was!"

And then there are those who exhibit the opposite of character—the thoughtless, the greedy, betimes the poor and hungry. They skulk into the river system by night, and lob "Du Pont spinners"—dynamite sticks—into pools where resting fish lie by the hundreds. "This is ter-

continued

rible, just terrible," says aquatic biologist Jerry Bauer of the Oregon Wildlife Commission, "and it happens at least once a year. One time they left 73 spring Chinook averaging 15 to 18 pounds apiece, just left 'em to rot. I scuba-dived the pool to make a count, and there at the bottom was a male Chinook that was three or four inches longer than I am, and I'm 5'11". Weighed anywhere from 80 pounds up, just that one fish. I didn't touch him. I was too sick seeing him laying there like that."

Early last summer poachers blew a resting hole in the Steamboat Creek drainage, where 75% of the Umpqua's wild summer steelhead eventually spawn, and a week later blasted several more. Frank Moore was apoplectic, a visitor, Nathaniel Reed, Assistant Secretary of the Interior, kept repeating, "I can't believe people like that still exist!" But they do, and Moore figures he may have had a look at one. Soon after the second dynamiting he caught a man filling his pickup with dead steelhead at one of the desecrated pools. "What's going on?" Moore asked.

"Oh, I saw all these dead fish and I was cleaning them up," the man said. "You wouldn't want 'em to pollute the river, would you?"

There was no hard evidence to tie the poacher to the dynamiting, and he was let off with a \$305 fine for over-the-limit possession. Frank Moore was not entirely displeased with the light sentence. "I remember a case a few years ago when we caught some fellows that had killed 28 fish with explosives, and it took a long time and a hell of a lot of work and expense to make the case. The judge fined them \$60. I mean total." He is reported to have explained later that he didn't know a steelhead from a catfish. As Zane Grey had noted four decades earlier, "The people of Oregon and, more especially, those who live on or near the Umpqua, are as a whole deaf and dumb and blind to the marvelous good of this river and if they do not wake up, its virtue and beauty and health will be lost to them."

"It's really a matter of educating the public to the intangible values of a river like this,"

says Biologist Bauer, "but this is no simple job. Take the timber industry. It's the most important industry dollarwise in Oregon, and for years the loggers seemed to get their way." Not long ago, as such matters are measured, the woodcutters had savaged the river so unmercifully that a local newspaper headlined: NORTH UMPQUA: END OF THE STEELHEAD? One by one, log roads had been bulldozed up dozens of tributaries that flow into the upper river, and one by one the breeder streams had been severely damaged as fisheries. Some were filled with slash, the woody residue of logging. When they ran at all, the feeder streams were causing intense thermal pollution. With trees and brush sheared right up to streamside, the sun would beat down on bedrock and raise water temperatures as high as the 80s, murderous to all but trash specimens.

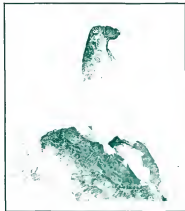
Frank Moore knew of the thermal pollution and carried on a desperate rearguard action. Every morning and afternoon he sallied forth to measure temperature increases and count dead fish, and every evening he wrote complaining letters and made pleading phone calls. "But nobody seemed to care," he recalls. "The U.S. Bureau of Land Management, the U.S. Forest Service and private companies were letting loggers seriously damage the finest freshwater system in the country—for a few bucks of profit."

One afternoon two San Francisco advertising executives, Hal Riney and Dick Snider, stopped at the Steamboat Inn on their way to a fishing vacation in Canada. Moore collared them, as he did every visitor, and told them what was happening, and Riney and Snider decided to shoot a few feet of footage to placate the last angry man. Moore drove them to the area around Pass Creek, a tiny feeder stream that looked like a scene from Dante. "The loggers had devastated it," Moore says. "They had clear-cut the hillsides so that the creek filled up with silt, and they had turned Pass Creek into the city dump. Without the shade from the trees, the water was heating up and endangering the fish downstream."

Impressed and depressed at the same time, Riney and Snider extended their vacation a few days and ended up staying with Moore for three weeks, putting together a documentary which they titled, *Pass Creek*. The film drew national attention. Frank Moore, who up to then had been treated as something of a fanatic and an unnecessary evil by some of his fellows, was named Conservationist of the Year by the Oregon Wildlife Federation and wound up on the state game commission, by appointment of Governor Tom McCall. "Frank deserved the award," says Jerry Bauer. "In one simple stroke Pass Creek made people aware of things we'd been trying to get across

for years, and we've been getting the right decisions out of the government ever since."

The highest tribute of all was perhaps a little oblique: "Too often it has appeared that logging took place as if the stream was not there—it simply has been ignored. . . . In every case the streams must be protected from clogging with slash and debris, from equipment slogging through the bottoms, from the threats of winter rains and spring thaws flushing freshly disturbed forest floors into the watercourses." The statement appeared in a lumber industry newsletter, of all places. As Frank Moore put it himself, "Well, the battle hasn't been entirely won, but I guess it hasn't been entirely lost either." One hopes that the Umpqua will always be saved by its friends.



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The world's best swimmers tend to vanish as quickly as they appear, a phenomenon that occurred just last month with Shane Gould's unexpected retirement at the ripe age of 16. Before it is too late, then, meet another Australian teen-ager, skinny, unheralded Stephen Holland (right), who flung his 5' 10", 132-pound self into Brisbane's Valley Pool last week to smash two world records in what an Australian swimming official, Syd Grange, called "the greatest swim of all time." Echoing that encomium, Al Schenfield, editor of the Los Angeles-based magazine *Swimming World*, labeled the swim "the most fantastic performance I've ever heard of." And considering that he is barely 15, it may even be that Holland is still a few months away from his dotage.

It is not easy to stir up excitement in swimming, a sport so mired to excellence that the oldest men's world record dates back only to August 1972. Holland's heroics came in trials to select the Australian team for next month's world championships in Belgrade. Competing in the 1,500-meter freestyle, he splashed into a quick lead over countryman Brad Cooper and pulled away to reach the 800-meter mark in 8:17.6, fully 6.2 seconds better than Cooper's world record at that distance. Cheered on by the crowd of 1,000, Holland lowered American Mike Burton's 1,500 world record of 15:52.5 to 15:37.8, the 14 7-second improvement calling to mind Bob Beamon's prodigious long jump at the '68 Mexico City Olympics. "Steve swam 61.4 for the first 100, a remarkable rate," said Lawrie Lawrence, Holland's coach. "But it's not the first 100 that counts, it's the last. He was so consistent in his pace that there were only three 100s when he went over 63 seconds and his last 100 was 61.1. He did 29.5 in the last 50. That shows how fresh he was."

If Holland's clockings were the stuff of legend, so was his technique in achieving them. Inevitably nicknamed Toothpick by his teammates, he was further distinguished in the Brisbane pool by a furious windmill-like arm action, even faster—61 strokes per 50-meter lap—than that of most other Australians, who as a group tend to have a quicker, shallower arm entry than Americans (U.S. distance star Rick DeMont averages around 40 strokes per lap). Holland also



Down under he went way under

displayed a singular kick, one that benefits from a remarkable flexibility of ankle, best demonstrated when he sits on a chair and extends his legs, where toes point up in most people, his hang down.

After the race the value of this flexibility was discussed by Lawrence in understandably breathless terms. "His ankles give him something like a dolphin kick," the coach said. "It gives him drive that lifts his entire back out of the water, so that he's planing like a motorboat. You could stand on his back and not get your feet wet."

Besides these physical attributes, it no doubt helped that Holland hails from a swimming family. His father Roy, who owns a swimming pool and squash-court complex in the Brisbane suburb of Carina, started giving Steve lessons at four, then turned him over to another coach when the boy reached 11. "We were afraid that training him ourselves might hurt family relationships," Mrs. Holland recalls. "If his father ticked him off at the pool, it could cause hard feelings around the dinner table." In 1971 the Hollands arranged to have Steve trained by what amounted to a corre-

spondence course, eliciting weekly letters of advice from Sydney-based Don Tall, hot When Talbot, Australia's 1972 Olympic coach, moved to Canada, his club was taken over by Lawrence. With Steve showing dramatic progress in Brisbane, the Hollands two months ago sent him to Sydney to work under Lawrence.

The move forced young Holland to miss so much classwork at the Carina Church of England Grammar School that he will have to take his 10th-grade year over again, but Steve decided at the time, "I want to give swimming everything." Doing his part, Lawrence resolved to put some muscle on his prodigy's frail frame by having him work out with weights and pulleys, and he also polished the teen-ager's turns and breathing. To prepare him psychologically for last week's race, Lawrence invoked the inspirational story of Ethiopia's Abebe Bikila, who won the '60 and '64 Olympic marathons and, crippled in an auto accident, grudgingly came back to compete in the Paralympic Olympics. "When you get into the race, you're going to feel bad," the coach told Holland. "It's going to hurt after 400 meters. It's going to take guts to keep going. Think about Bikila."

The pep talk obviously worked. After his swim, which lowered his personal best in the 1,500 by nearly 39 seconds, a grinning Holland said, "I was desperate to go to Belgrade. I thought about that paraplegic fellow and just kept going."

Now with Holland bound for his first foreign meet, two things seem likely. One is that he will sooner or later put on some weight, especially since, as his mother confides, "He eats all the time. It's really one meal all day long." Another is that the spectacular drop in swimming times will continue indefinitely. "It's one of the amazing things about our sport," says Peter Daland, the U.S. Olympic men's coach at Munich. "We've made graphs and charts and we get down to zero sometime in the middle of the 23rd century."

Whatever Steve Holland's further contribution to the trend, he may have already filled a psychic need among the sports-loving Australian public caused by Shane Gould's retirement. As one Sydney sports fan, sounding very much like a proud new father, put it the day after Holland's swim, "Looks like we've got another one—and this time it's a boy."

END



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SPORTING LOOK / *Jule Campbell*

A base theft from another game

Ty Cobb would have perished at the thought, but designers are stealing from baseball uniforms—particularly the colorful warmup jacket—to create a whole new line of casual wear. Hamming in high-fashion style, models show what's in vogue

CONTINUED

Cynthia Korman (right) has a ball in a fur-collared dardier designed by Stephen Burrows.

Mary Macnikas (left) is all set for the fall classic in Anne Klein's rippled warmup cap.

Mary is benched (below) in a \$495 rabbit-furred Oakland A's jacket by Jacques Kaplan.

Pat Blac (far right) peers in for the signal at Shea Stadium in a Burrows rainbow-hued knit.







PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN SCHWARTZ



Eryn Gray (top left) throws a sweeping curve in her white-and-ruby warmups by Red L.

Stevie Plurawatch (above) is an eye-catcher in her three-piece Sandwiper beach-wear set.

Ski wear piffers the look, too: Cynthia, a Tiger in a Bogner jacket, is ready for a snowout.

Now the people want to look like players

This is not the first time sportswear designers have taken their inspiration from the playing fields. The athletic touch is a sort of tribute from the fans, who have over the years borrowed everything from rugby shirts to Wellington boots to bicycle shorts for everyday wear—even adding racing stripes to their sneakers. This year the trend has turned to the baseball dugout to produce a series of warmups for all seasons. As with most sportswear fads, this one seems to have arrived full-blown and with as much snap and pop as Mary Macinkas and her baseball bubble gum below.

In terms of a sport to borrow from, baseball uniforms go back to 1846, when the New York Knickerbockers became the first team to wear them. Since then, there have been more changes in clothing than in rules. When the Cincinnati Red Stockings appeared in knickers in 1869 (instead of traditional trousers) opposing teams subjected them to unmerciful jeering. Somewhere along the way baseball caps replaced straw boaters, and bow ties, sun collars, long sleeves, buggy trousers and heavy eight-ounce woolsens went the way of bare-handed catchers. In a bit of reverse thievery during the past decade, organized baseball lifted at least one item from the fashion world: double-knit fabrics for uniforms, a change that made tra-

dionalists grumble and ballplayers happy.

Among the designers who are now pushing the baseball look is Stephen Burrows, this year's recipient of the Coty Fashion Critics Award, who regularly sports a baseball cap himself and who tops off his baseball-inspired clothes for fall with his own knit baseball caps. Maria and Willy Bogner, who work out of Munich—a very hot baseball town—offer waist-length styled-for-action slalom jackets that go to the ski slopes via the ball park. They cost a cool \$120. Somebody, of course, had to put together the most expensive bit of baseball frippery. It turned out to be the couturier Halston, of Madison Avenue, who has whipped up a warmup jacket in natural ranch mink—price \$2,800. In a different league, there are sweaters at Red I. with baseball buttons, striped sleeves and the knitted-in figure of a batter on the back for \$20. Anne Collins of Sandusweeper says

she had the idea of covering up bikinis tops with matching warmups (\$25) "so girls can wear the jackets later on with jeans or shorts when they leave the beach." And, for the status seeker who hopes to make the fans' Hall of Fame, furrier Jacques Kaplan will make up a warmup jacket in French rabbit for any team in either league, for man or woman, at a mere \$495. **END**



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RED SOX BILL LEE locked in the bullpen, but now he is stepping high as a Boston starter

the Red Sox and must pitch half his games there.

This year in games played in Boston his statistics read six wins, three losses and a 3.18 FRA. Overall, Lee is 12-7 and has a 2.60 ERA. All of which is not bad for a pitcher the Sox would gladly have traded this spring for a song, only to find that nobody would make a remotely melodic offer.

In 3½ seasons, Lee had done well enough with 19 wins, 11 losses and a 3.47 FRA. His faults, it was felt, were that he had not been a bigger winner, that he had not become a Sparky Lyle-type reliever and that he had contentious ways.

That added up to three strikes against Lee, so it was no wonder that the Sox were trying to ship him out when he fielded a line drive with his ankle during spring training. When asked what the X rays showed, Lee replied, "A Dewar's bottle cap." What they did indicate were enough bone chips to scare away any prospective bidders. After the season began, Lee was still in Boston and back in the bullpen, where he insists his talents are wasted. Only when Red Sox pitching turned out to be even worse than expected was he given a chance to start on May 1. He won four of his five starts that month and has been a mainstay in the rotation ever since.

A winning, low-ERA lefty at Fenway is unusual, but then so is Lee: he is 6'3" and 210 pounds of idiosyncrasies. He believes in extraterrestrial life, wears an Egyptian anklet ring, has green eyes, uses green or blue contact lenses while pitching and has a smooth face that barely looks post-adolescent although he is 26 years old. In five years at USC he majored in prepharmacy, predentistry, geography, geology and finally graduated with a degree in physics.

Lee once convulsed his Trojan teammates while they waited for their luggage at an airport by popping up through the baggage chute. Not surprisingly, nobody bothered to claim him. Then there was the day he made a bet during a heavy rain that delayed a game in Hawaii. "Brent Strom [now a Cleveland Indian] bet me \$10 I wouldn't strip, go on the field in the rain and do 10 push-ups," Lee recalls. "So I went out there in my slid-

ing pads, socks and jock and did the push-ups."

As a senior in 1968, Lee was 12-3 and helped USC win the College World Series with a win and a save. He thought those efforts would net him a bonus that would enable him to pay off the national debt and still leave plenty for himself. "I felt a little short of that," says Lee. "All I got was \$4,000 and expenses for my final semester at USC."

His ego having met a psychological Waterloo, all that remained was for the rest of Lee to be sent off to a similar destination. He was duly assigned to the Boston farm team in Waterloo, Iowa. "The first person I met in professional baseball, a coach, took one look at me and said, 'You're overweight and you're a hot dog.' That's the way it's been ever since. Now I'm called Space Man, Moon Man, Flake, Super Psych. I'm misunderstood."

Forcing Lee to surrender the rest of his sentence was teammate Bob Veale, who clomped through the clubhouse and yelled, "To understand Space Man, you gotta use Skylab."

Lee smiled. He combs his hair straight forward and wears his sometimes inflammatory personality the same way. "I don't know where I rub people wrong," he says.

Among those he has abraded is Red Sox Outfielder Reggie Smith. "He knocked me down with a good left-hand punch a few weeks ago," Lee admits. "My lip was split for 10 days."

Lee's troubles with Milwaukee Catcher Ellie Rodriguez have been worse. It all began when Lee hit him with a pitch in Puerto Rico in 1970. "He dragged his bat toward the mound, dropped it and leaped at me," Lee says. "I hit him with a left hook. Five days later I was jumped by Rodriguez. I was knocked down, my face was pushed into a steel pole and I lost two teeth. It would have been worse if my teammate Ron Wonds hadn't come along. While Woods pulled Rodriguez away, I crawled into the stadium. They had to fly me back to Boston to have a new bridge made."

For a while this year much ado was made in Boston about an alleged feud between Lee and Red Sox Catcher Carlton Fisk. There really has been no such problem, although Fisk did become irritated one day and told Lee, "How can you shake off my signs as

A left-handed compliment for the Fens

Traditionally, left-handers assigned to pitch in Boston have asked for pardons, amnesty, executive clemency, stays of execution—anything that would get them out of having to throw to right-handed batters in Fenway Park. Now there is a lefty who actually enjoys Fenway, who laughs at right-hand hitters as they drool at the sight of him and the infamous left-field wall only 302 feet away. His name is Bill Lee, and what makes his laughter and success at Fenway all the more improbable is that he plays for

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times when I've only got five fingers?"

Lee is also one of the game's premier fungo hitters, batting a ball skyward, grabbing his glove off the ground and racing to catch the baseball. But his accession to winning consistency has forced him to forgo another favorite pastime: kicking field goals. Lee used to boot them when he was a regular in the Boston bullpen. There, he kicked pieces of bubble gum up into the bleachers and between the upraised arms of Mike Mulkern, a member of the Bill Lee Fan Club. As a reliever and now as a starter, Lee has always gotten a kick out of Fenway Park.

THE WEEK

(AUG. 5-11)

by HAROLD PETERSON

AL WEST The night Kansas City resumed play after the All-Star break, Amos Otis said the Royals would win the division. "But that guy," he said, pointing to Hal McRae, "predicted on the first day of the season that we'd win it." McRae smiled thinly and said, "That's the only thing I've done for this club so far." Suddenly this week, McRae, who struggled to hit .164 in the first half of the season, provided pinch as KC continued its drive to fulfill his prediction. Home runs by McRae and Lou Pinella beat Baltimore 2-1 as the Royals won their 11th straight one-run victory. In his first two at bats against the Orioles the next day, McRae hit two doubles and drove in four runs as KC won 9-4 for its 11th victory in the last 13 games.

"My fastball is as fast as ever, but it's straighter," Oakland's Vida Blue reported after staggering through nine innings. "It doesn't move like it used to. I threw a couple of straight balls to Thurman Munson, and he hit 'em right back over my head." In any place other than Yankee Stadium, Munson's clouts would have been out of the park, and Blue would have been out of the box. Instead he beat the Yanks 7-3.

Minnesota lost its fifth straight after leading the Brewers 6-3 going into the ninth. Milwaukee loaded the bases, and reliever Eddie Bane, who had allowed neither a hit nor a run in his last seven appearances, yielded a three-run double to Dave May and a game-winning single to George Scott.

Chicago had a typical week. Buddy Bradford suffered contusions of his right shoulder, Bill Melton an injured right hand and Manager Chuck Tanner a permanently stiffened left. But he went through with his annual August clubhouse meeting. "I reminded

them of how beautiful it is to be in the major leagues," was how he described the conference. That is what the Sox rookies thought, too. Rightfielder Brian Downing started his first big-league game and he hit a home run. Another rookie, Bill Sharp, stepped in against Detroit's Joe Coleman in the seventh inning of one game, ran the count to 2-0, got a fastball down and in and hit a towering drive to the right-field seats—foul by a foot or two. Sharp faced Coleman again as the ninth, ran the count to 2-0, got a fastball down and in and hit a towering drive into the right-field seats. That one was a homer that won the game, one of four Sox victories in a .500 week.

California lost four of six, and Frank Robinson said it was "strictly the fault of the players." This wasn't exactly a *mea culpa*, since Robinson had just clouted his 20th homer, his ninth hit in his last 11 at bats.

Jeff Burroughs hit a 450-footer, which landed three-quarters of the way up the left-field stands for his 19th home run, but that was all a Texas crowd of 28,326 had to cheer about as Cleveland jumped on young pitching hero David Clyde. His 8-1 defeat was his fourth in seven decisions.

KC 68-20 OAK 65-31 MINN 56-38
CHIC 37-60 CAL 32-60 TEX 43-73

AL EAST There are constant reminders in the local press that they are over the hill, but maybe the Detroit Tigers haven't learned to read. Al Kaline, testy earlier in the year about talk of retirement, was mellow again. He joked about asking for a two-year contract so he can continue pursuit of his 3,000th hit. Now at 2,845, Kaline should soon pass Babe Ruth's 2,873. No American Leaguer in almost 50 years has joined the exclusive 3,000-hit club; the last was Eddie Collins in the '20s. And, with Kaline still lively, the supposedly decrepit Tigers won six of eight.

Baltimore seems to have given up on using Earl Williams as its catcher. The Orioles, who gave four players to Atlanta to obtain Williams, had been playing him part-time at first base. Now that Boog Powell injured a shoulder while doing some inept base running, Williams will take over first on a regular basis. Powell hurt himself when he failed to read Coach Billy Hunter's sign as he lumbered into third. Powell had stopped before he realized that Hunter was urging him home. He then was thrown out—and injured—as he belatedly tried to slide across the plate.

Mickey Mantle hit a home run into the left-field seats at Yankee Stadium, but unfortunately for New York, he did it in an old-timers game. The Yanks could have used the clout in the regular contest that followed, one of their four losses in seven games.

Things were still exploding in Boston.

continued

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VOLVO

Breezing off to Oshkosh

Bud Dawes came in on little more than a wing and chair and other planes were just as fanciful when the do-it-yourself airmen all dropped in

Ordinarily, LeGrand (Bud) Dawes, a 46-year-old TV repairman from Birmingham, is a steady soul. But every midsummer he gets restless. Come late July, Dawes climbs into his latest home-made airplane and flies north to Oshkosh, a Wisconsin town once famous for wardrobe trunks but now better known as the place where birdmen of many different feathers annually flock together. In the Experimental Aircraft Association, the burgeoning organization that stages the annual get-together at Oshkosh, there are thousands of flying buffy who are tantalized by the future, and thousands more, like Bud Dawes of Birmingham, who dote on the pleasures of the past. Indeed at this point Dawes is so taken with the antique joy of flying low and slow that he seems to be traveling backward.

Dawes has owned a factory-built Cessna 170 for five years. In that time he has averaged about 50 flying hours a year in

the Cessna and close to 400 hours in home-built planes that are less capable and far less comfy. He first attended the big Oshkosh fly-in three years ago in a homemade Pietenpol Air Camper, a low-powered, open-cockpit craft less accommodating than a World War II primary trainer. The plane that Dawes flew to Oshkosh this year is of far more primitive design, aptly called a Breezy. It consists essentially of a wing, rudder stabilizer, pusher motor and bare frame fuselage. While dependable, a Breezy is about as comfortable as a park bench in gale-force winds.

Whereas those original fly-boys Wilbur and Orville lay prone on their first biplane pusher at Kitty Hawk, Dawes and his wife Shirley—whom he describes as “a very avid passenger”—sit erect when cruising at 65 mph in his Breezy, taking the air flat on. Upon seeing Dawes overhead, one alarmed Alabamian reported to the sheriff that some damn fool

was trying to fly in a lawn chair. The smidgen pilot of an orthodox small plane once described Dawes' bare-frame Breezy as “a diverse collection of airplane parts flying in close configuration.” Although he is equipped for dead reckoning, Dawes himself cannot resist bud-mouthing the instrumentation of his Breezy. When asked if he uses an air-speed indicator, he says that a calendar does well enough. Asked about his altimeter he explains, “I carry a 30-foot tape measure. When the end of it hits the ground, I climb.” The altitude limit of a Breezy, Dawes maintains, is psychological. There is nothing between him and the ground except a 16-inch-wide seat that seems to shrink the higher he goes. “When I feel like I am sitting on a fence post,” he says, “I know I am at 3,000 feet, and that is enough.” Counting one forced landing on a highway because of fog, Bud and Shirley Dawes put down three times this year on their way to Oshkosh without even getting out of Alabama. Eleven stops and a day and a half after takeoff they reached Oshkosh, having enjoyed every windy minute. “I like to be out in the air,” Shirley Dawes says, brandishing the obvious.

Because there is so much devotion by so many, Oshkosh has become for flying buffy what Capistrano is for swallows—a must engagement. There is one great difference: At Capistrano it is always swallows; see one and you have seen them all. At Oshkosh nobody knows what will fly in. At this year's record bash, the sky over Oshkosh was abuzz for eight days with this and that: pushers and pullers, high wings and bowings, low wings and midwings; gull wings, stagger wings and delta wings, genuine antiques, pseudoantiques and scaled-down replicas, hoxy crates and slick bombs; thundering old warbirds and little home-buils powered by snowmobile engines; helicopters and gyrocopters; nudget racers and ordinary Tripacers. At Oshkosh there were not only modern throwbacks like Dawes' Breezy, but also queer hybrids of yesterday and tomorrow, such as the VanViggen, a futuristic craft that embodies a forward stabilizer like the biplane the Wright brothers flew back in 1903. Not many people have seen a Dyke Delta, one of the few successful subsonic double delta wings ever flown. At Oshkosh there were three such. With its wings fed ed the four-place Delta designed by John Dyke of Fairborn, Ohio can fit it in a one-car garage and can

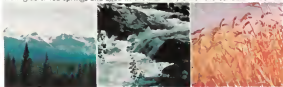
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be towed on its own landing gear over public roads. With its wings spread in flight a Dyke Delta resembles a batfish more than a bird. As a consequence, when he started fooling around with such a configuration a decade ago, John Dyke unduly attracted attention, just as Dawes does now in his polky, primordial Breezy. In that day unidentified flying objects were giving the public fits. What looked like a UFO over Ohio often turned out to be only John Dyke up there doing his thing in his delta wing.

Such is his passion for plane building that Dawes put his Breezy together in five months at a cost of \$2,500. In contrast to such humble machines, the sportiest home-built at Oshkosh was a 285-hp BLS-20, a one-of-a-kind low-wing made by Dr. Bergen Brokaw of Leesburg, Fla. Dr. Brokaw worked six and a half years on his beauty, coining H.R. instrumentation, at cost him \$32,000. In aircraft building, as in all of life, you get what you pay for. While Dawes and wife were braving the elements, hippity-hopping north to Oshkosh, Dr. Brokaw was stroking along at 240 mph in canopied comfort at 14,000 feet.

The world's busiest airport year found as O'Hare International in Chicago, with up to 2,100 takeoffs and landings a day. During the FAA fly-in Wittman Field in Oshkosh makes O'Hare look hush. At Oshkosh 10,000 traffic moments a day are becoming routine. During one busy stretch an old Ford Trimotor lumbers down on the east-west runway followed hard by a Cessna, a Piper, a Beech, two more Cessnas and a bright yellow home-built God-knows-what. Meanwhile, on the north-south strip a squadron—may, a maelstrom—of little fussing Pits Specials works in, touching down a scant 10 seconds apart. During this commotion a Cessna three miles out anguishes about conditions. One of the six air controllers in Oshkosh Tower of Bahhile answers the Cessna, "Right now anywhere from 3,000 to the deck, you're gonna run into a lot of strange company."

Aircraft home-builders tend to think small. Few of them are interested in designing a craft that will drive the present makers of commercial carriers any closer to bankruptcy than they already are. A four-place machine is about their ultimate ambition. While there were a great many awards given out for the best this or that at the EAA fly-in, the stars of the whole show without question were the

continued



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AVIATION *continued*

products of James Bede, a chattering genius who is endowed with the low aspect ratio of Tony Galento and the constant high spirits of old Mr. Fieserwig. In his aeronautical career Bede has designed one production small plane and two experimentals. But despite all his achievements Bede did not really arrive, financially speaking, until he turned toward the home-builders, a segment of the aeronautical market that had never been well explored.

Five years ago Bede produced in complete kit form a four-place airplane, the BD-4, selling roughly at a third the price of a comparable production craft. Bede counted on selling 10 of his BD-4s a year and has actually averaged 10 a month. Having succeeded by thinking small, he began thinking even smaller. Two years ago at Oshkosh he displayed a mockup of the BD-5, a little 13 1/2-foot-long buzz bomb that would scorch along faster than 200 mph powered by a snowmobile-type engine. Since its cost was around \$3,000 and its construction required little skill beyond operating a pop rivet gun, the BD-5 was an instant success. More than 4,000 buffs made a \$200 down payment before the plane had flown publicly. Short of designing something for chimpanzees to build and fly, there really was no way Bede could think smaller. But he did. At Oshkosh this year he came out with the BD-5J, a jet version that is shorter by a foot than the original because it has no pusher propeller and hub protruding aft. Because its 66-pound jet engine costs \$18,000, the teeny jet version will sell in kit form for \$21,400. Considering that the eight-place Cessna Citation, heretofore the world's smallest civilian jet, is 43 1/2' long and sells for \$725,000, Bede made quite a reduction in both price and size. Howling along the deck at 280 mph, looping and rolling, the home-built jet was a surefire scene-stealer for the first three days of the fly-in. On the fourth day it was almost a heart stopper. When Test Pilot Les Berven momentarily closed the attenuator on a landing approach, it failed to reopen. Berven got down unhurt but short of the mark, bashing one wing.

The show continued for four more days, punctuated by the happy din of piston clankers. Then, just as they had come, all the birds—the delta wings and the Breezys, the old and the new, the ordinary and the odd—flew noisily away.

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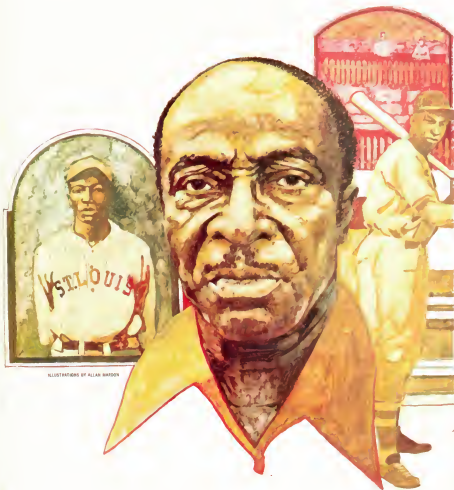
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No Place in the Shade

*Cool Papa Bell could run, hit, field and all that
jazz, but for him and other players
in the old Negro leagues,
baseball was a bittersweet gig*

by MARK KRAM

In the language of jazz, the word "gig" is an evening of work; sometimes sweet, sometimes sour, take the gig as it comes, for who knows when the next will be. It means bread and butter first, but a whole lot of things have always seemed to ride with the word: drifting blue light, the bouquet from leftover drinks, spells of odd dialogue, and most of all a sense of pain and limbo. For more than anything the word means *black*, down-and-out black, leavin'-home black, what-ya-gonna-do-when-ya-git-there black, tired-of-choppin'-cotton-gonna-find-me-a-place-in-de-shade black.

Big shade fell coolly only on a few. It never got to James Thomas Bell, or Cool Papa Bell as he was known in Negro baseball, that lost caravan that followed the sun. Other blacks, some of them mus-

continued





cians who worked jazz up from the South, would feel the touch of fame, or once in a while have the thought that their names meant something to people outside their own. But if you were black and played baseball, well, look for your name only in the lineup before each game, or else you might not even see it there if you kept on leavin' and dreamin'.

Black baseball was a stone-hard gig. Unlike jazz, it had no white intellectuals to hymn it, no slumming aristocracy to taste it. It was three games a day, sometimes in three different towns miles apart. It was the heat and fumes and bounces from buses that moved your stomach up to your throat and it was greasy meals at fly-papered diners at three a.m. and uniforms that were seldom off your back. "We slept with 'em on sometimes," says Papa, "but there never was 'nough sleep. We got so we could sleep standin' up or catch a nod in the dugout."

Only a half-mad seer—not any of the blacks who worked the open prairies and

hidden bull yards in each big city—could have envisioned what would happen one day. The players knew a black man would cross the color line that was first drawn by the sudden hate of Cap Anson back in 1883, yet no one was fool enough to think that some bright, scented day way off among the gods of Cooperstown they would hear their past blared out across the field and would know that who they were and what they did would never be seisable again.

When that time comes for Papa Bell—quite possibly the next Hall of Fame vote—few will comprehend what he did during all those gone summers. The mass audience will not be able to relate to him, to assemble an image of him, to measure him against his peers as they do the white player. The old ones like Papa have no past. They were minstrels, separated from record bouks, left as the flower in Gray's *Elegy* to "waste its sweetness on the desert air." Comparisons will have to do: Josh Gibson, the Babe Ruth of

the blacks; Buck Leonard, the Lou Gehrig of his game; and Cool Papa Bell—who was he?

A comparison will be hard to find for Papa. His friend Tweed, whom Papa calls the Black Historian, a title most agreeable to Tweed, says that you have to go all the way back to Willie Keeler for Papa's likeness. Papa's way was cerebral, improvisational, he was a master of the little things, the nuances that are the ambrosia of baseball for those who care to understand the game. Power is stark, power shocks, it is the stuff of immortality, but Papa's jewelike skills were the meat of shoptalk for 28 winters.

Arthritic and weary, Papa quit the circuit 23 years ago at age 47, ending a career that began in 1922. During that time he had been the essence of black baseball, which had a panache all its own. It was an intimate game: the extra base, the drag bunt; a game of daring instinct, rather than one from the hidebound book. Some might say that it lacked discipline,

but if so, it can also be said that never has baseball been played more artfully, or more joyously. "Before a game," says Papa, "one of our big old pitchers, he'd say, 'Just git me a coupla runs, that's all.' You see, we played tricky ball, thinkin' all the time: we git a run they got to git two to beatcha. Right?"

The yellow pages of Tweed's serap-books don't tell much about the way it was, and they don't reveal much about Papa, either; box scores never explain. They can't chart the speed of Papa Bell. "Papa Bell," says Satchel Paige, "why he was so fast he could turn out the light and jump in bed before the room got dark!" Others also embellish: he could hit a hard ground ball through the box and get hit with the ball as he slid into second; he was so fast that he once stole two bases on the same pitch. "People kin sure talk it, can't they?" says Papa.

Papa says he did steal two bases on one pitch, which was a pinchout. "The catcher, why he was so surprised the way I was runnin' that he just held the ball," says Papa. "I ask him later what he doin' holdin' that ball, and he say he didn't know, 'cept he never seen a man run like that before in his life." It is also a reliable fact that once in Chicago, on a mushy field, he circled the bases in 13.1 seconds, two-fifths faster than Evar Swanson's major league record. "On a dry field," he says, "I once done it in 12 flat."

Papa could run all night and he could hit and field as well. He played a shallow center field, even more so than Willie Mays when he broke in. "It doesn't matter where he plays," Pie Traynor once said. "He can go a country mile for a ball." As a hitter Bell had distance, but mainly he strove to hit the ball into holes; he could hit a ball through the hole in a fence, or drag a bunt as if it were on a string in his hand. Bell never hit below .308, and on one occasion when he was hitting .350 on the last day of the season he gave his title up; he was 43 at the time.

"Jackie Robinson had just signed with the Dodgers, and Monte Irvin was our best young player," says Papa. "I gave up my title so Monte would have a better chance at the majors. That was the way we thought then. We'd do anything to git a player up there. In the final two games of the season, a doubleheader, I

still needed a few times at bat. I was short of times at bat to qualify for the title. I got two hits in the first game and sat out the second game. The fans were mad, but they didn't know what we were trying to do. After the season I was supposed to get the \$200 for the title anyway, but my owner, he say, 'Well look, Cool, Irvin won it, didn't he?' They wouldn't give me the \$200. Baseball was never much for me makin' money."

Papa Bell earned \$90 a month his first year back in 1922. He would never make more than \$450 a month, although his ability was such that later he would be ranked on Jackie Robinson's alltime team in the same outfield with Henry Aaron and Willie Mays. Bill Veeck, who also saw Bell play, puts him right up there with Tris Speaker, Willie Mays and Joe DiMaggio. "Cool Papa was one of the most magical players I've ever seen," says Veeck.

The money never bothered Papa: it was a game, a summer away from the packinghouse. "Cept one time," adds Papa, "when one team told me to pay my expenses from St. Louis to Memphis. They'd give it to me back, they said. I git there, and they say no. Owner of the club was a dentist. I say to 'em I didn't come down here 'cause I got a toothache. So I went back home. Owners are owners, whether they blue or green."

Papa spent the winters in the packinghouse until he learned of places like Havana and Vera Cruz and Ciudad Trujillo, which competitively sought players from the Negro League. He will never forget that winter in Ciudad Trujillo. It was in 1937, he thinks, when Trujillo was in political trouble. He had to distract the people, and there was no better way than to give them a pennant. First, Trujillo had his agents all but kidnap Satchel Paige from a New Orleans hotel. Then he used Paige to recruit the edge in talent from the States: namely, Papa Bell and Josh Gibson who, along with Orlando Cepeda, the storied father of the current Cepeda, gave the dictator a pat hand.

The look of that lineup still did not ease Trujillo's anxiety. "He wanted us to stay in pajamas," says Papa, "and all our meals were served to us in our rooms, and guards circled our living quarters." Thousands would show up at the park just to watch Trujillo's club work out,

and with each game tension grew. "We all knew the situation was serious, but it wasn't until later that we heard how bad it was," says Papa. "We found out that as far as Trujillo was concerned we either won or we were gonna lose big. That means he was going to kill us." They never did meet Trujillo. They saw him only in his convertible in the streets, all cold and white in that suit of his that seemed to shimmer in the hot sun. "A very frightenin' man," says Papa.

Trujillo got his pennant and his election. A picture of Papa's, taken near a large stream, shows the team celebrating: the dictator had sent them out of the city—along with their fares home and many cases of beer. It had been a hard buck, but then again it had never been easy, whether it was down in Santo Domingo or back up with the St. Louis Stars or the Pittsburgh Crawfords or the Homestead Grays or the Chicago American Giants. East or West, North or South, it was always the same: no shade anywhere as the bus rattled along, way down in Egypt land.

Papa took the bumps better than most. Some, like Josh Gibson, died too young; some got lost to the nights. Coolpapa, as his name is pronounced by those who came from the South as he did, well, Coolpapa, he just "went on movin' on." That was the way his mother taught him back in Starkville, Miss., where he was born in 1903; look, listen and never pounce, those were her words, and all of them spelled survival. Work, too, was another word, and Papa says, "I if I didn't know anythin' I knew how to work."

Long days in the sun and well after the night slipped across the cotton fields, all that Papa and his friends could talk about was "going off." Papa says, "One day some boy would be there along with us and then he'd be gone. 'Where'd he go?' I'd ask. 'Why that boy, he done gone off!' someone'd say. Next you'd see that fella, why he'd be back home with a hat on and a big, bright suit and shiny shoes and a jingle in his pocket." They would talk of the great cities and what they would have when they, too, went off and only sometimes would they hear about baseball. An old, well-traveled trainman used to sit under a tree with them on Sundays and tell them of the stars he had seen.

continued



No Shade continued

"Why, there's this here Walter Johnson," the trainman would say. "He can strike out anybody who picks up a bat!"

"Is that right?" Papa would ask.

"Sure enough, boy. You'd think I'd be? Then there is two old boys named Ty Cobb and Honus Wagner. Well, they don't miss a ball and they never strike out!"

"Never miss a ball?" gasped Papa. "Never strike out? Is that right?"

"I'm tellin' ya, boy. I've been to the cities and I know!"

"Well, mmm, mmm," Papa would shake his head. "Only one thing botherin' me. What happen when this here Walter Johnson is pitchin', and these other two boys are battin'?"

"Y'all go on!" the old man would yell, jumping up. "Y'all leave me alone. I'm not talkin' anymore. Don't none of ya believe I should know. I've been to the cities!"

By 16 Papa was up North in St. Louis with several of his brothers and sisters, who were already in the packinghouse. "Didn't want to know 'bout ball then," says Papa. "Jst wanted to work like a man." His brother suggested that he play ball on Sundays. "James," he said, "you a natural. You throw that knuckleball, and there ain't nobody going to hit it." Soon he was getting \$20 to pitch, until finally he was facing the lethal St. Louis Stars of the Negro National League. "They were a tough club," says Papa. "And mean! They had a fella named Steel Arm Dicky. Used to make moonshine as mean as he was on the side. His boss killed him when he began to believe Steel Arm weren't turnin' in all the profits."

Bell impressed the Stars, and they asked him to join them. "All our players were major-leaguers," says Papa. "Didn't have the bench to be as good like them for a whole season. We only carried 14, 15 players. But over a short series we could have taken the big-leaguers. That October, I recall, we played the Detroit Tigers three games and won two of them. But old Cobb wasn't with them, 'cause 12 years before a black team whipped him pretty good, and he wouldn't play against blacks anymore. Baseball was all you thought of then. Always thinkin' how to do things another way. Curve a ball on a 3-2, bunt and run in the first innin'. That's how we beat big-

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league teams. Not that we had the best men, but we outguessed them in short series. It's a guessing game. There's a lot of unwritten baseball, ya know."

The Stars folded under the Depression. Papa hit the road. An outfielder now, he was even more in demand. He finally began the last phase of his career with the Washington Homestead Grays; with Josh Gibson and Buck Leonard and Bell, it was one of the most powerful clubs in the black league's history, or anybody's history for that matter. "I was 'bout 45 then," says Papa. "Kinda sick. Had arthritis and was so stiff I couldn't run at times. They used to have to put me in a hot tub. I had to git good and warm before I could move." Yet, he had enough left to convince Jackie Robinson that he should never try to make it as a shortstop.

"It was all over the place that Jackie was going to sign with the Dodgers," says Papa. "All us old fellas didn't think he

could make it at short. He couldn't go to his right too good. He'd give it a back-hand and then plant his right leg and throw. He always had to take two extra steps. We was worried. He miss this chance, and who knows when we'd git another chance? You know they turned him down up in Boston. So I made up my mind to try and show him he should try for another spot in the infield. One night I must've knocked couple hundred ground balls to his right and I beat the throw to first every time. Jackie smiled. He got the message. He played a lot of games in the majors, only one of 'em at short."

Papa was named to manage the Kansas City Monarchs' B team in 1948, the agreement being that he would get one-third of the sale price for any player who was developed by him and sold to the majors. He had two prospects in mind for the Browns. "But the Browns," says Papa, shaking his head, "didn't want

them. I then went to the Cardinals, and they say they don't care, either, and I think to myself, 'My, if they don't want these boys, they don't want nobody.'" The Monarchs eventually sold the pair: Ernie Banks and Elston Howard. "I didn't get anything," says Papa. "They said I didn't have a contract. They gave me a basket of fruit. A basket of fruit! Baseball was never much for me makin' money."

Life began all over for Papa. He took a job at the city hall in St. Louis as a custodian and then a night watchman. For the next 22 years the routine was the same, and only now and then could he go to a Cardinal game. He would pay his way in and sit there in the sun with his lunch long before the game began; to those around him who wondered about him, he was just a Mr. Bell, a watchman. He'd watch those games intently, looking for tiny flaws like a diamond cutter. He never said much to

continued



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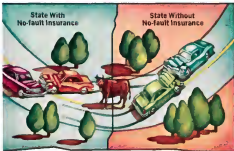


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2. You waste gasoline if your tires are improperly inflated. But do you know which causes poorer mileage, overinflated tires or underinflated tires?

- ☐ A. Overinflated ☐ B. Underinflated



3. The kind of oil you use can affect engine performance, too. Do you know under what conditions it pays to use a premium motor oil like Havoline Super Premium?

- ☐ A. High-speed driving
☐ B. Hot-weather driving
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- ☐ A. 1 mpg
☐ B. 2 mpg
☐ C. 4 mpg



5. If you have a standard shift, you can save gasoline by getting into high as quickly as possible. How much more gasoline do you think you use if you race along in 2nd rather than shifting into high gear?

- ☐ A. Up to 30%
☐ B. Up to 45%
☐ C. Up to 60%



6. A car that's not properly tuned-up is simply not using gasoline efficiently. About how much gasoline do you think it wastes?

- ☐ A. Up to 4%
☐ B. Up to 8%
☐ C. Up to 12%



Answers:

1. C 2. B 3. All three 4. B 5. B 6. B



No Shade

anyone, but then one day he was asked by some Dodgers to help Maury Wills. "He could run," he says. "I wanted to help." He waited for Wills at the players' gate and introduced himself quietly.

"Maybe you heard of me," Papa said. "Maybe not. It don't matter. But I'd like to help you."

Wills just looked at him, as Papa became uneasy.

"When you're on base," said Papa, "get those hitters of yours to stand deep in the box. That way the catcher, he got to back up. That way you gorn' to git an extra step all the time."

"I hadn't thought of that," said Wills, who went on to steal 104 bases.

"Well," Papa smiled, "that's the kind of ball we played in our league. Be seem' you, Mr. Wills. Didn't mean to bother you."

After that year Papa seldom went to the ball park anymore. He had become a sick man, and when he walked his arthritic left side seemed to be frozen. It was just his job now. In the afternoons he would walk up to the corner and see what the people were up to, or sit silently in his living room turning the pages of his books of pictures: all the old faces with the blank eyes; all of those many different, baggy uniforms. There is one picture with his wife Clarabelle on a bench in Havana, she with a bright new dress on, he with a white suit on, and if you look at that picture hard enough it is as if you can hear some faraway white-suit, bright-dress music.

Nights were spent at city hall, making his rounds, listening to the sound of radio baseball by the big window, or just the sound of the hours when winter mornings moved across the window. When it was icy, he would wait for the old people to come and he would help them up the steps. Often, say about three a.m., he would be looking out the window, out across to the park where the bums would be sleeping, their wine bottles as sentries, and he'd wait for their march on the hall. They would come up those steps and place their faces up against the window next to his face and beg to be let in where it was warm.

"We're citizens, old Bell, let us in," they would yell.

"I know," Papa would say.

"It's cold out here," they would say.

"I know," he would answer.

"No, you don't, you..." And Papa

continued

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No Shade continued

would just look away, thinking how cold it was outside, listening to all that racket going on out there, trying to think of all the things that would leave him indifferent to those wretched figures. Then it would be that he sometimes would think of buschall, the small things he missed about it, things that would pop into his mind for no reason: a certain glove, the feel of a ball and bat, a buttoning of a shirt, the sunlight. "You try to get that game out your mind," he says, "but it never leaves ya. Somethin' about it never leaves ya."

Papa Bell is 70 now. He lives on Dickson Street in North St. Louis, a neighborhood under siege: vacant, crumbling houses, bars where you could get your throat cut if you even walked in the wrong way, packs of sky-high dudes looking for a score. They have picked on Papa's house a couple of times, so now when he feels something in the air, hears a rustle outside of his door, he will go to the front window and sit there for long hours with a shotgun and a pistol in his lap. "They don't mess with Papa anymore," says his friend Tweed, looking over at Papa sitting in his city hall retirement chair. "It's a recliner one," says Tweed. "Show 'im how it reclines, Papa."

Now the two of them, Black Historian Tweed and Papa, who sits in his chair like a busted old jazz musician, torn around the edges but straight with dignity, spend much time together in Papa's living room. They mull over old box scores, over all the clippings in Tweed's portable archives. They try to bring continuity of performance to a man's record that began when nobody cared. They argue, they fuss over a figure here, they assemble pictures to be signed for people who write and say that they hear he will be going into the Hall of Fame; the days are sweet.

"Can't believe it," says Tweed. "Kin you, Papa? Papa Bell in de Hall of Fame. The fastest man who ever played the game."

"Ain't happened yet," cautions Papa, adjusting his tall and lean figure in his chair.

"Tell me, Papa," says Tweed, "How's it goin' to feel? De Hall of Fame . . . mmm, mmm."

"Knew a fella blowed the horn once," says Papa. "He told me. He say, 'Ya got to take de gigs as dey come.'"

END



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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

UP WITH THE BIRDS

Sirs:

Ron Fimre's article on the Cardinals (*Cashing in Those Inaugurals*, Aug. 6) was excellent. Since early in the season, when you reported how bad the Cardinals were doing, I just sat back and waited for the rookies to improve, the pitching to come around, the bats to get hot and the Cubs to choke. With Wise and Gibby and Cleveland winning, how can the Cards lose?

MARK MILLER

Woodridge, Ill.

Sirs:

Fimre's comments on the St. Louis fans' appreciation and knowledge of baseball are as refreshing as his perspective of what is making the team a permanent contender.

BURT CONNOR

New York City

Sirs:

Red Schoendienst and the Cardinal front office should be given a lot of credit for not puncking and putting the whole team on the trading block, as some people in St. Louis suggested.

Three cheers to the Cardinal players, the rookies and veterans who held fast to the belief that, with five wins and 20 losses, there was no place to go but up.

LIANNA WHITE

Moberly, Mo.

ALL-STARS

Sirs:

I don't think Don Shula, coach of the Miami Dolphins, will ever forget John McKay, coach of USC and this year's great All-Star team, for what he said (*Two-Sided, For Once*, Aug. 6): "Just give 'em to Don Shula. He'll have 'em in the Super Bowl in three years." It was a great compliment to a great coach, but the same to Mr. McKay—certainly a great coach himself.

ERIC ROSENBERG

East Lansing, Mich.

Sirs:

McKay, with his experience realized that the game itself would be won by the team that could best operate as one unit. With that thought in mind he set out to prepare the All-Stars mentally, rather than physically endangering them with heavy workouts in practice sessions.

In the game itself, however, although the All-Stars had plenty of talent, desire and know-how, they showed a lack of concentration. As a result, this was all the Dolphins needed; they had that little extra mental unity—being an established team.

If nothing else, the All-Stars proved that

they could play with the best of the pros, and anyone that can be done that's some kind of achievement.

JEDI MARGEN

Ventura, Calif.

Sirs:

I am a little puzzled by John Underwood's comments regarding the New England Patriots and their draftees in relation to the All-Star Game against the Dolphins. The way Underwood writes it, it sounds as if the Patriots kept their draftees off the team. Actually, there were three Patriot draftees on the All-Star squad—including Sam Cunningham, the only player who was significantly injured in practice.

KARL F. STEPHENS, M.D.

Providence

NO KICKS

Sirs:

It was good to see *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* recognizing the young American soccer players who have contributed so much this season to their teams in the NASL (*Learning the Game by Rule*, Aug. 6).

To keep readers up to date, rookie Kyle Rote Jr. led the league in total points and the remarkable Joe Fink finished tied for second in goals scored, the highest seasonal finish by American players in any season.

Thanks Joe, thanks Kyle, your accomplishments this year have probably done more for soccer's rising popularity in the U.S. than any individual's in the past; you arrived in the nick of time.

CAIN JOHNSON

Ramson, N.J.

Sirs:

It is interesting that the new crop of homegrown soccer players includes the son of a football star (Rote), and the son of a major league broadcaster (Miami's Mike Secorey).

RAVUS L. MOYER

State College, Pa.

Sirs:

When we started all this seven years ago, not only was there no sign of a good young American pro soccer player, but also of Americans who cared how many young Americans there were in pro soccer.

CLIVE TOFF

General Manager

New York Cosmos

New York City

SWEET 16s

Sirs:

Perhaps next time you cover the Girls' 16 National Tennis Championships (*A Sweet 16*

Dance at Charleston, Aug. 6) you could give a little more coverage to the real champ, Betty Nagelsen, who, despite her obvious handicap of not having a pro sister or tennis experts for parents, won the championship and has a bright future in women's tennis.

AMANDA BULLIN

Rolling Prairie, Ind.

DOUBLE JEOPARDY

Sirs:

I was deeply disappointed with the *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* commentary on the Lance Rentzel case. It was utterly devoid of any pretense of objectivity. How can you possibly draw an analogy between a pernicious, pervasive conspiracy to fix a World Series and the isolated private activities of one football player in the off-season is beyond my understanding.

I feel you do a grave disservice to Ed Garvey and the readers of this magazine by willfully neglecting to present his side of the litigation. Lance Rentzel has been duly apprehended and processed by the appropriate legal authorities. His punishments have been determined by the courts, as they would have been with any other citizen in similar circumstances.

That is precisely where matters should end. There is no reason why Rentzel or anyone should suffer double jeopardy for his offenses. There is no justification for the despicable Roselle to impose additional arbitrary sanctions and deny Rentzel his opportunity to earn a livelihood.

ERNEST B. JOHNSON

Brantree, Mass.

Sirs:

In my opinion, Commissioner Roselle's only fault lies in being too long-suffering with the most spoiled and arrogant group of adults in America. I only wish he had stuck to his guns and suspended Joe Namath back when all this foolishness first came to public attention. I would also like to see mandatory drug tests as often as is necessary to expel any player who might set such a sorry example for present and future athletes and other involved young people.

I am presently a season ticket-holder with the Atlanta Falcons. I would sooner purchase tickets to see what some may call mediocre players who are great men than to pay the salaries and pensions for great players who are sorry men.

TOM ROBERTS

College Park, Ga.

FLOW GENTLY (CONT.)

Sirs:

In regard to a letter written by Gordon Blain about the article on Don Maynard

continued

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18TH HOLE *continued*

(*Oh, How Gently Flow This Don*, July 23) of the New York Jets: not only did this NFL fanatic unjustly put down Maynard and his "other AFL cohorts," but he failed to realize that AFL or former AFL teams captured the Super Bowl crown four out of the last five seasons.

The main reason that the Jets made it to the Super Bowl, if you recall, was due to the fact that Don Maynard made a phenomenal catch that set up the winning touchdown late in the final quarter of the AFL championship game. As a matter of fact, Maynard went on to score that big touchdown on the following play.

We agree that Raymond Berry's reception record was unbelievable, but this record now belongs to Don Maynard of the New York Jets.

PAUL KENNEDY
FRANK BRUNO

Croton-on-Hudson, N.Y.

SPORTSMAN

Sirs:

Before all the Willie Davies hit five homers to sweep Kansas City in the World Series, and before all the Roger Staubachs lead their teams to 17-0-0 finishes, and before all the hockey sticks, basketballs and tennis rackets have set new records for 1973, allow me to cast an early August vote for Sportsman of the Year.

Is there really any other choice than the youthful, hard-hitting, supercharged, one-time mortal, superhero of golf? Tom Weiskopf... superstar.

JERRY KAHL

West Covina, Calif.

Sirs:

I would like to nominate for Sportsman of the Year, Secretariat the superhorse. His Triple Crown win makes him worthy of this award. No exhibition—by man or beast—so far this year can come close to matching what he did!

JOHN R. SIMON

New York City

PHILADELPHIA RENAISSANCE

Sirs:

In regard to your two articles in the July 30 issue of *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* on the Philadelphia Phillies and Eagles, thank you very much. Although it was not the first time I have read an article about Philadelphia teams in SI, it was one of the first that ever treated the Phillies as something other than a cellar-dweller, and the Eagles got the recognition they deserved for the trading and shaping they are doing for the future. So three cheers for Bob Hertz (Philly Gets a Trio to Cheer) and Joe Marshall (*The Eagles Warm Up for a Fast Takeoff*)!

DAVID KATZENSTEIN

Vineland, N.J.

continued



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19TH HOLE

Sirs:

Rebuilding is probably the most overused word heard in Philadelphia. From Society Hill to Veterans Stadium, that is all we've heard for the past countless years.

The Phillies started to rebuild in 1957 when rookies Harry Anderson, Turk Farrell, Ed Bouchee, Bob Bowman and Rookie Pitcher of the Year Jack Sanford inspired our few remaining Who Kds. Then the Eagles gave us many negative thrills since the mid-1960s—starting with a head coach with a 15-year contract who traded away some fine players and ending with an anti-fair fanatics who never accomplished anything.

Now, according to your July 30 issue, we may see the fruits ripen. Haven't I heard that song before? It still rings in my ears. But Philly fans live in hope.

DAVID E. FLETTERMAN

Willow Grove, Pa.

Sirs:

As a disciple of Dick Young's philosophy that baseball is a religion (*The Religion, Baby—Not Show Biz*, April 9), I have wanted many times in the past to walk out of "First Veterans Church" and look for a new religion outside the Philadelphia sports area. But lo and behold, like an angel from heaven, the mainman brought tidings of joy in your July 30 issue. I have faced a complete resurrection of faith with the arrival of two well-done articles on the three wise men of the Philadelphia Phillies, namely Luzinski, Unser and Robinson, and on the 11 apostles of the Philadelphia Eagles. The 12th apostle is the Eagles' new head coach, Mike McCormack.

PLATEE MORING

Allentown, Pa.

MUSIC MAN (CONT.)

Sirs:

I'm a little carousy as to when Billy Williams hit five homers in a doubleheader as claimed by Barry McDermott (*Bend an Ear to Billy's Muse*, July 23). There was so much fanfare last year when Nate Colbert tied Stan Musial's 1954 feat in that category that it seems odd that we heard nothing about Billy Williams doing it. That may be the point your writer is trying to make in regard to Williams, but I'm not sure if all his facts are straight.

MARK STEWELL

Springfield, Mo.

● Williams hit five home runs in consecutive games—not in a doubleheader—against Philadelphia and New York in 1968. ED

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